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[For the Young Readers of the Register.]

AN ENIGMA.

It is the workmanship of the most exquisite skill, and was said by our blessed Saviour to be the object of his Father's peculiar care;—and yet it does not display the attributes of his compassion, or benevolence. If I were to loose it, no human ingenuity could replace it, and yet were I to describe it generally, this precious article is very abundant. It was given to Man in Paradise along with his beautiful Eve, though he previously had it in his own possession. It will last, as long as the world lasts, and yet is destroyed every moment. Its existence is cut short, yet it dies not, but exists in beauty, after the grave has closed over mortality. It is found in all parts of the world, and oftentimes deep in the ocean. The Indian glories in it, and the savage tormenter exults in its possession. Yet it is a boon of affection, a token of amity, a pledge of sincerity and constant love. It has been the cause of death to one, formed for beauty and ambition. Now I have only to add that it was used formerly for a napkin, and it was said by a king to form a splendid crown. It indeed appears like silver after a long exposure to the sun, and is more valuable than all the treasures of the East.—ANS. THE HAIR.

[Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.]

CAMP MEETING SCENES.

VALLEY OF THE CONNECTICUT, Sept. 1.

Among those objects which have arrested my attention during my short sojourn in this region were certain encampments in the vicinage of Connecticut river, some notice of which may edify your readers. A camp meeting in the land of the Puritans—in the heart of New England! It is even so. The place was a sequestered grove, midway between Northampton on the North, and Westfield on the South. Towards the West was presented a fine view of the quiet little village of Southampton, beyond which tower the lofty mountains that separate it from the still smaller village of Montgomery, so named in honor of the heroic soldier who fell at the storming of Quebec. On the East rise in more striking *grandeur Mount Tom, and his giant* brother Holyoke, while the Connecticut rolls its waters, now in a majestic volume, now in broken waves, anon in dashing masses, between those everlasting barriers of Nature.—On the same parallel of latitude with the village of Southampton, two miles and a half East of it, may be seen an ancient Inn, the signboard of which bears the date of 1765, and which of old has been known as "Pomeroy's Tavern." It has always been kept by the same family, the present occupant being the son of the original landlord, a tall, slender, venerable looking man, who has never swerved from the steady habits of his fathers, and has long been known as the kind and obliging host for every guest that sought shelter under his roof. A welcome sight was the cheerful light in that house, and the blazing fire of that hearth, to the benighted traveler, who, especially in the winter season, had wandered over the dreary Westfild plains amid the driving snow, without finding a human habitation for a distance of six miles. The inn itself is a master-piece of puritan architecture in its way, being ninety feet in length, and containing nineteen rooms of convenient size for the accommodation of tarvelers, when the whole tide of travel from Northampton and towns north of N. to Hartford, passed along this road. The primeval forest still embowers the old house, though of late years somewhat thinned by that industrious leveler, the axe. But new roads opened at distant points, and especially railways, along whose iron track thunder the massive cars, at the base of old Tom and Holyoke, have absorbed the greater portion of the travel, so that the old inn is a more solitary and sequestered spot than it was years ago. In a summer evening the plaintive song of the whippoorwill may still be heard from the neighboring forest, as if it would raise its notes of praise

"Beneath the adoring silence of the night,"

and teach the listener man to think of the great Creator. Another sound is sometimes heard amid the quiet of the elements, and the tranquility of a star-lit night. It is that of the village church bell of Southampton some two or three miles distant, whose sweet tones are borne over the intervening wood-crowned hill, and fall like soft and sacred music on the ear. That church has now only its third pastor in the lapse of a century, and on an elevated spot in its vicinity rest the bones of the reverend servants of the Lord, who ministered at the sacred altar, and of the fathers and mothers in Israel, who maintained the faith while living, and drank its inspiring consolations in the hour of final dissolution. A few evenings since, I sat in the old inn, and listened delighted to the deeply suggestive tones of the village bell, as they proclaimed after the ancient New England custom, the hour of "nine o'clock," the only sentinel a New England town ever needed as the guardian of the night.

* * * * * * *

But I was intending to say something of the camp meeting in August. The grounds of the landlord present admirable locations for a religious encampment. On the spot above described the Methodists pitched their tents, and instituted their preparations for the open air worship of God. "The groves were God's first temples," and will perhaps be his last. There is something inspiring in the immediate presence of nature with no artificial walls to obstruct her blessed influences. How softly did the shadows of that consecrated grave fall on the faces of the assembled worshippers. They had sought the deepest retirement of the woods for purposes of devotion after their own fashion. And why should they be constrained to impose constraints on others? Why must a sheriff be brought and kept on the ground to preserve order? Why a decree issued forbidding the devil to encamp within a mile of the encampment of saints! Because of the abounding wickedness of the people in the surrounding towns. It is a fact equally deplorable and disgraceful, that some hundreds of men resorted to the vicinage of the camp meeting, with purposes of systematized iniquity. Just without the prohibited lines they pitched their tents. And what a scene was there! Drinking—gambling—cursing—swearing—fiddling—fooling—fighting—it seemed like the sudden introduction of pandemonium into the peaceful realms of Arcadia. The infamous conduct of these men seemed a desecration of the sanctity of the forest, that echoed their profane shouts, to say nothing of the inspecting eye of a presiding Omniscience. Had I not seen and heard what I relate, I could not have believed there was so much productive wickedness to be commanded within the limits of New England. Many of the rioters were well dressed young men, who had doubtless come for a frolic, and who fully executed their intention.

At one of these stations of iniquity was a band of *colored* men, that is of white men blackened, who assumed the fictitious title of "Ethiopian Serenaders," and befooled those who surrounded them with their harlequin tricks. Take it altogether, a more infatuated rabble of persons that seemed born to be respectable, is seldom seen, even at a Southern horse race. The hideousness of their conduct appears more glaring by contrast with the moral purity of the character of the resident population of this secluded valley. In many of the carriages rum bottles were brought, especially in those to be hired for conveying passengers between the encampment of the Lord and that of Satan. The driver would shake his rum bottle aloft in the air, offering the bribe of a drink to as many as would take passage with him to the camp ground. Drugged liquors were sold at the tent-stands, which crazed and stupefied those to whom they were given, and in this situation they became an easy prey to the designing. One young man in this condition received a dreadful wound in the face, was robbed of all his money, and so disfigured, that for very shame he dared not return to his friends, and is still lingering, luckless and penniless, about the scene of his temptation and fall, doing penance and depending upon the charity of the landlord and his kind family for the bread of sustenance.

Among the performances of these self-barbarized visitors, was that of singing in derision sacred hymns, the same that were sung in sincerity by the worshippers in the Sylvan camp. Even the awful judgment hymn was thus caricatured: "Oh there will be mourning, &c.," Had those blasphemers resolved to provoke the slumbering vengeance of Heaven, it would seem as if they could not more effectually have done it, than by such an act of daring defiance.

Where was the Magistracy of Hampshire, when such gross violations of the laws of God and man were going on? Call you this freedom? It is a libel on its name. It is the outrage of licentiousness. Wild beasts less deserve to be caged. These scenes were enacted from Tuesday till Friday of last week, becoming more rampant as the meeting was drawing to a close. Why do the wicked insist on annexing such infamous frolics to the convocations of the people of the Lord? There is some congeniality between such achievements of guilt and the festivity and excitement of the horse race; but what has it to do with the worship of God? Is the arm of the law to be in vain invoked on such doings?

With regret I bid farewell to that lovely land. D.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN SPAIN.

What incongruous words—religious liberty in the land of the inquisition! Yet even there, the thought has been whispered. The *Clamor*, a leading Spanish paper, remarking on a recent debate in the Cortes on the construction of a railway, says:—

Movement is the life of nations. In order to encourage and impart impulse to this movement it is necessary to open the gates of our country to all the foreign wealth which seeks investment, supplying new sustenance to human industry. . . . Do the Deputies wish to know who are the best workmen for the construction of railways? Do they wish us to point out the only means of facilitating the exchange of produce, the circulation of ideas, and the transmission of public riches? Then in our opinion the following conditions are required:—

1. Personal security. 2. Absolute liberty in the employment of the productive faculties. 3. Complete abolition of privileges and restrictions. 4. *Toleration of other forms.*

As one of the principal causes of decay in Spain is want of population and of capital, it is necessary to attract colonies and speculators of all sects and religions to promote an increase of both. Great capitalists, who cannot find employment for their money in other countries, where interest has come to be exceedingly low, would come hither, if they had security that their religion would be respected. But while certificates of Catholicism are required in Spain, in order for a foreigner to establish himself, it is vain to think of improvement, roads, or communications.

COUNCIL OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

There are held in the Catholic Church—1st. a general or Œcumenical Council, to which all the Bishops of the Christian world are invited by His Holiness the Sovereign Pontiff; and, 2d., "Particular Councils," of which there are three kinds, viz.:

1st. A National Council, to which the Archbishops and Bishops of a particular nation are invited.

2d. A Provincial Council, to which the Bishops of a province are invited by the Archbishop to whom they are "Suffragans."

3d. A Diocesan Synod, which is a convention of the clergy, who belong to a particular diocese, over which presides a Bishop.

The authority of "General Councils" is universal, representing the Universal Church. There are three conditions requisite for the œcumenicity of a council; 1st, all the Catholic bishops of the Christian Church must be invited; 2d, a sufficient number of Bishops must be present to represent the Universal Church; 3d, a careful examination of the points in discussion, and a full liberty of suffrage. These councils use different forms of language to express their decisions upon matters of doctrine, and of discipline they signify their "wish," their "command," "*Placet*," "*Statuimus*," but in the examination of questions relating to doctrine, they declare that such was the faith of the Catholic Church.

The authority of particular Councils extends only as far as the jurisdiction of the bishops who have assisted at them; and "their object is to watch over the welfare of the churches under their special jurisdiction; to adopt such measures as are deemed expedient for the restoration or preservation of ecclesiastical discipline, for the restraining of vice and the promotion of virtue, and for the general increase and prosperity of religion."

The First Provincial Council of Baltimore was convened on the 1st day of October, 1829. One Archbishop and five Bishops were present.

The Second Provincial Council was convened on Sunday the 20th October, 1833, in Baltimore. Present nine Bishops and one Archbishop.

The Third Provincial Council was convened on Sunday, the 16th April, 1837, in the Metropolitan Church of Baltimore, by the Most Illustrious and Most Reverend Samuel Eccleston, Archbishop of Baltimore—consecrated 1834. At this Third Council there were present, in all, one Archbishop and nine Bishops.

The Fourth Provincial Council was convened on the 17th May, 1840, in Baltimore. Present one Archbishop and twelve Bishops.

The Fifth Provincial Council was convened on the 14th May, 1843, in Baltimore, present one Archbishop, fifteen Bishops, and one Vicar General.

The Sixth Provincial Council was convened on the 10th May, 1846, in Baltimore, present one Archbishop and twenty-two Bishops.

The First National Council of the Catholic Church in the United States, was convened on the 6th of May, 1849, in Baltimore.

[Freeman's Journal.

At this National Council, (says the Baltimore Sun,) in addition to the proposed elevation to archbishoprics of three of the present sees, and the creation of a new bishopric, it is understood that the Pope was also petitioned to make *Primatial* the metropolitan see of Baltimore. A pastoral letter, put forth by the council, recommended to the American church pecuniary collections in behalf of the pope, and, by unanimous vote, urged that functionary to "*define as an article of faith*" the immaculate conception of the Virgin. Though this point has always been maintained by theologians of the church, it has never been uttered as a positive dogma from Rome.

THE SABBATH IN BUENOS AYRES.

Rev. F. Bosworth gives the following account of the desecration of the Sabbath in Buenos Ayres, where the Roman Catholic religion prevails. We copy it from the Montreal Register.

In the Argentine Republic, as in all other countries where the Government is Catholic, the Sabbath is but little regarded. In the capital, as might be expected, even less attention is paid to the due observance of this holy day than elsewhere.

Military training, which every native is obliged to undergo, takes place almost every other Lord's day. During the continuance of these exercises, and they last from 3 P. M. to 7, no foreigner is permitted to go into the streets or even to look out into them. At such times no Protestant congregation is of course allowed to assemble. Nor indeed can any one, if so disposed, then enjoy in the solitude of his chamber those religious exercises which compensate in a large degree for the loss of more public priviliges, for his ears are constantly annoyed and his thoughts unsettled by the sound of military music and the firing of muskets and cannon.

This is the day also for elections. In one of the organs of Government, dated December 9th, the following notice appears:—"To-morrow (Sunday) elections are to be held in the different parishes of this city, and in the several country districts, for the election of 26 Deputies to serve in the next Legislature."

The second Lord's day after my arrival a sort of religious fair in honor of some Saint or other, was held at a church a short distance from town. Thither all classes resorted. Shows of various kinds were exhibited, stalls for the sale of numerous articles erected, and all the license allowed which is associated in my boyish recollections with the notable fairs of my fatherland.

During the summer months, two, three, and four bands of music, belonging to the various regiments quartered in the city, play for several hours every Sabbath evening on the Alameda, which is then the public resort of all classes of the community.

But little respect seems paid to those religious observances which the Romish Church prescribes for the Sabbath. The more staid part of the female sex and children repair to Church once, for about an hour, to hear mass. But few of the men, however, make their appearance there. The afternoon of the Lord's day, when no military exercise takes place, and the evening, are the favorite times for visiting in Buenos Ayres. Calls of courtesy and friendship are then most appropriately made.

The best markets are held on this day. More shopping is also done then, than on any other day. It is then the theatres reap their best harvest.

With few exceptions, the Protestants of this city seem to me to pay little regard to the sanctity of this day, which in their own country is so religiously obeyed. There are, it is true, four places of worship. The Episcopalian, Mr. Falconer; Episcopal Methodist, Mr. Lore; Scotch Presbyterian, Mr. Brown; and German Lutheran, Mr. Siegel, a pupil of Neander and Hengstenberg, and three Sabbath schools—one of them, Mr. Lore's, a very good one, excellently superintended, but the attendance is in no respect what it ought to be. Very many of the most influential foreigners never go to church at all, but spend the Lord's day in amusing themselves.

Nor is the profanation of the Sabbath among Protestants confined to mere absence from Church. For three months past, a New York Circus has been parading the streets with a band and exhibiting twice each Lord's day. The following notice I extract from a public print in the city:—

"*New York Circus.*—To-morrow, Sunday, there will be a performance, commencing at 11 o'clock in the morning, and another in the evening at 8 o'clock." The very hour of worship in the Protestant Churches!

READING SERMONS.

Our *clerical* readers, will be instructed and amused by the two following articles on this subject:

Mr. E. T. Baird, (Ruling Elder from Vincennes, Ina.) presented in the last General Assembly the following resolution:

"*Whereas*, This General Assembly has reason to believe that the practice of reading sermons in the pulpit is on the increase among our ministers; and being decidedly of opinion that it is not the most effective and acceptable method of preaching the gospel. Therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, That we do earnestly repeat the recommendation of the Assembly of 1841, that this practice be discontinued as far as practicable, and affectionately exhort our younger ministers, and candidates for the ministry to adopt a different method, as more scriptural and effective, and more generally acceptable to God's people.

"Dr. Plumer moved to lay the resolution on the table.

"Division was called for, and 56 voted to lay on the table and 76 against it.

"Dr. Plumer—When such a subject as this is taken up by an Assembly, it is absurd to expect to do any thing for the edification of the Church of God, by means of a mere resolution; and if this resolution is adopted, does not the Assembly thereby express by their vote that Samuel Davies was not a pattern of preaching—that he who never, on any solemn occasion, entered the pulpit without having every word written, with a determination not to depart from his manuscript, who was the best preacher of his day—the man who has left behind him the best gospel sermons which were ever printed, that he to whom the king of Great Britian listened with awe—that this servant of God knew not how to preach to edification; and that Dr. Chalmers did not do right who always laid his manuscript before him. The best sermons I ever heard from Dr. Archibald Alexander, of Princeton, were from his manuscripts. What do you do by this vote? Do you change the practice of the Church? Do you effect any thing but to put an instrument in the hands of certain self-conceited members of the Church, to find fault with their ministers. Whenever I preach on the Trinity, or any abstruse doctrine of the gospel, when I want to weigh every word, and give sound doctrine to my people, I will use a manuscript. I will do it when I please. I never will consent to take instructions from such a quarter. I'll carry my manuscripts where I please, and use them when I please. I am not responsible for this to the Assembly, or to any man or body of men. The only effect of legislation on this matter will be vexation."

Mr. Dunlap: I was grieved at the attempt made to throw ridicule on this matter. I thought Dr. Plumer was mistaken in saying that Pres. Davies used notes; but when he speaks of Dr. Alexander, I am sure he is mistaken. When that venerable man came to Baltimore, he used no notes on any occasion, so far as I could see. In Princeton there is a rule against allowing the young men to use notes, and the Professors earnestly besought the students to preach extemporaneously. I recollect an anecdote Dr. Miller used to relate to the students to enforce this. A minister's wife came to his study one day, and begged him to go into the kitchen and scold one of the girls for her. "No, my dear," he said, "I am writing my sermon and cannot go, but I will write a scolding for you and you can read it to her." Well, the preacher wrote the scolding, and his wife took it into the kitchen and began to read it. The girl soon began to laugh, when the lady then threw down her notes and began an extemporaneous harangue that had a much better effect.

Dr. Plumer. I agree that *scolding* is usually best done extemporaneously; but *preaching* is best done by study. I heard a member of this house say that he hoped his young brethren when they preached extemporaneously would not visit his neighborhood.

Mr. M. B. Lowrie. Our church is suffering from this cause. Look at the growth of the Seceder and Associate churches, whose preachers now carry their copy books into the pulpit. I hope the young men sent out from the seminaries will be instructed to preach, and not to read.

The previous question was demanded, and the resolution was adopted by a large majority.

THREE MODES OF PREACHING.

The Princeton Review makes the debate and resolution in the General Assembly on the subject of reading sermons, the occasion of the following remarks:

"We are of the number of those who think all such legislation unwise derogatory to the character of the Assembly. Such matters lie beyond the legitimate sphere of their action. Their votes on such subjects can change no man's practice, and therefore only serve to lessen the dignity of the body that passes them. In some parts of the church one method of preaching is preferred, and in others a different. Such preferences cannot be altered by the resolutions of any ecclesiastical body. Besides this, the sentiment expressed is one-sided. No one mode of preaching is best for all men, or for all circumstances. Men must be left free to follow their own tastes or talents, and to adapt themselves to the circumstances in which they are placed. To force the same method on all, would be like making all wear clothes of the same size and pattern.

There are three different modes of preaching which have their peculiar advantages and disadvantages. The first is that of mental composition, when not merely the heads or outline of the discourse, but the whole sermon is fully elaborated and impressed on the mind before going into the pulpit. This is the method in which the great speeches of such men as Webster and Calhoun, Lord Brougham and Sir Robert Peel are prepared. And in this way some of the first preachers of our own and of other churches are accustomed to indite their discourses. This is, perhaps, of all methods, the best. It is, however, laborious. It requires great mental discipline, and great self-denial to carry out this method. It is also expensive. Discourses thus prepared perish usually with the delivery. We have heard it said by some who adopt this method, that it is as difficult for them to preach an old sermon as to make a new one. This is a great disadvantage. For so much depends on the bodily and mental state of the man when called upon to prepare a discourse, that if he must always depend on his present state, and have no provision laid up from whence to draw, he must often labor to great disadvantage.

The second method is to write out the discourse, and then commit it, or familiarize the mind with it so as to read it more or less freely. There are indefinite degrees of confinement to notes in the delivery of a written sermon. This has been the plan adopted by many of the greatest preachers the world ever knew. This was the method of Bossuet, Massillon, Bourdaloue, Saurin, of Edwards, Davies, Tennent, Chalmers. Even Whitefield and Wesley often adopted this method. This plan is laborious. There is indeed, such a thing as extempore writing, as well as extempore speaking. But most men when they write, must think. The very process of putting their thoughts on paper gives them a definite form. Writing is the very best method of mental discipline. And the exceptions are so few to the remark, that no man understands a subject on which he has not written, as not to need being taken into account. Writing sermons and using notes more or less in their delivery, we therefore believe to be one of the very best means of securing not merely instructive and effective sermons, but a studious and progressive ministry. We hail the increase of this method as proof of the intellectual progress of our church, and as one of the best omens of its true prosperity. We heard one of the most popular preachers of Alabama, if not the most popular in that or any of the Southern States, say, that he always wrote his discourses, and that all the most promising ministers of his part of the country were in the same habit. While this method secures studious habits, intellectual progress, and instructive preaching, it has the further advantage of associating itself naturally with the other methods. It is impossible that a minister should write all the sermons he is called upon to deliver. Those most addicted to writing, probably deliver two discourses without notes to one with. Their weekly lectures, funeral and occasional sermons, are seldom or never written. It is said a young man asked the late Dr. Richards how many sermons a man could write in a week. The Doctor replied, a first-rate man could write one, a common man two, and that he knew some men who could write a dozen. The danger is not that writing will become too common, but that speaking without writing, which every minister must do so frequently, will supersede the more laborious method of preparation.

The third method of preaching is what is properly called extempore. By this we mean the plan of depending on the moment not merely for the language, but for the thoughts. This, of course, admits of degrees. The common method of extempore preachers is to think over a subject, and frame a general outline of the discourse in their minds, and leave the filling up to be suggested at the time of delivery. This previous preparation may be carried so far as to merge this plan into the first above mentioned; or it may amount to nothing more than may be done in a few minutes.

This is the easiest of all methods of preaching. There is not one man in a thousand who cannot attain the gift of extempore speaking. This is proved by the fact that all Methodist and Baptist ministers make the attainment. So do ninety-nine hundreths of all men who enter the ministry in other denominations. It is the lowest of all attainments, requiring nothing beyond composure, which, to some men, is natural, and by others is soon acquired. As it is the easiest, so it is the laziest of all methods. A man may teach, or farm, or engage all the week in what business he pleases. He wants but a few minutes before service on Sabbath, to be prepared for an hour's flow of words. As it is the laziest, so it is the most unprofitable method both to speaker and hearer. Some men of natural eloquence will occasionally stir up the emotions of an audience and produce a powerful effect, but the general run of such preaching is vapid commonplace. None but a man of rare abilities, of large and varied attainments, of mature and well digested knowledge, should venture to turn the spigot of his mind, and let the thoughts that first come run out for the nourishment of the people. If the sole object of preaching was excitement, there might be some reason in preferring a method whose only advantage is fervor. One of the speakers on the floor of the Assembly, asked how a lady would make out, who should undertake to scold from notes. The very illustration betrays the lowest possible conception of the office of a preacher. A preacher is no scolder, nor is he a mere exhorter, but a *didaskalos*. Teaching is his peculiar official duty; and none but a very thoroughly informed, or an inordinately conceited man, would think of teaching any grave subject extempore—least of all, the awful mysteries of God. These remarks have reference, of course, to extempore preaching, properly so called; and not to mere preaching without notes, after due preparation. The main thing is preparation. And it is because writing, in the great majority of cases, is essential to the habit of proper preparation for the pulpit, we are so desirous it should not be neglected. All the tendencies are towards such neglect, and the authority of the Assembly, in our humble judgment, was far more needed in the other scale.

THE MOTHER OF CROMWELL.

"An illustration person, indeed, was the mother of Cromwell; a woman with the glorious faculty of self-help when other assistance failed her; ready for the demands of fortune in the extremest adverse time: of spirit and energy equal to her mildness and patience; who, with the labor of her own hands, gave dowries to five daughters, sufficient to marry them into families as honorable, but more wealthy than their own; whose single pride was honesty, and whose passion love; who preserved in the gorgeous palace at Whitehall the simple tastes that distinguished her in the old brewery at Huntingdon; whose only care amid all her splendors, was for the safety of her beloved son in his dangerous eminence; finally, when her anxious care had out-worn her strength,—accorded with her whole modest and tender history, for it implored a simple burial in some country church yard, rather than the ill-suited trappings of state and ceremony, wherewith she feared, and with reason too, that his Highness the Royal Protector of England would have her carried to some Royal tomb! There is a portrait of her at Hinchildbrook, which, if that were possible, would increase the interest she inspires, and the respect she claims. The mouth, so small and sweet, yet full and firm as the mouth of a hero; the large, melancholy eyes, the light, pretty hair; the expression of quiet affectionateness suffused over the face, which is so modestly enveloped in a white satin hood, the simple beauty of the velvet cardinal she wears, and the richness of the small jewel that clasps it, seem to present before the gazer her living and breathing character." [Forster's Statesman of England.

THE MISCHIEVOUS BOY.

BY. ISAAC T. HOPPER.

I resided in Philadelphia, in the vicinity of a market. One evening, as I was quietly sitting with my family, I heard a loud rap at my front door. I immediately went to the door, and was surprised, on opening it, to find no one there.—I shut the door, and turned to go to the parlor. I had hardly proceeded a yard before rap, rap, went the knocker again. I hastily opened the door, but no one was to be seen. I concluded that some mischievous boy was disposed to have a little sport at my expense, but as I was not willing to be annoyed with mischief I shut the door and kept hold of it. Very soon the raps were repeated. I suddenly oppened the door; but nobody was to be seen. The evening was dark, and as I stood in the door the raps were renewed for a few seconds. I stood in astonishment; but upon putting my hand upon the knocker, the mystery was unravelled. I found a string tied to it, and my little persecutor was standing behind one of the pillars of the market with one end in his hand, operating upon my knocker at his pleasure. I closed the door and went out a back way, passing down the street on the footway, till I got some distance below the lad, when I turned and came up behind him, and took hold of his arm. He was very much alarmed, and began to entreat me to let him go, when the following dialogue took place.

"Well, my lad, thou art amusing thyself at my expense. I want thee to go home with me."

"Oh, you are going to whip me; please let me go, and I will never do so again."

"I will not whip thee, but thou must go home with me."

After repeated assurances that I would not whip him, at length the poor fellow consented; but he had no faith in my promise not to whip him, and went in with the full expectation that he was to be punished. I seated him in the parlor, and took a seat by his side. He was a bright-looking little fellow, about thirteen or fourteen years of age.

I asked him if he went to school.

He replied that he did.

"Canst thou read?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"Well, let us read a few chapters in the Bible."

I opened the Bible, read a chapter and then gave it to him; and I was much pleased to discover that he could read so well.

We spent about an hour in that manner, when I remarked, that we had spent the evening very pleasantly together, I now thought it was about time for him to go home.

"If thy father or mother inquires where thou hast been," I said, "tell them that thou hast been spending the evening with me; and when thou feelest an inclination to be a little mischievous, call upon me. I shall always be pleased to see thee."

He left my house rejoicing, and never troubled me afterward. [Youth's Cabinet.

The following we cut some time since from the N. Y. Observer. Though now somewhat old in the date, it will be found to possess much interest.

PORTUGAL.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

General remarks.—Portuguese nobles.—Middle classes.—Populace.—The court.—Different political parties.—Events of the last year.—Lisbon.—Oporto.—Civil war.—Interference of foreign powers.—Conclusion.

How can we glance at Portugal without feeling deep sadness! Once she was a proud, generous nation, endowed with noble qualities, adventurous in maritime enterprises, and occupied one of the first places among the nations of Europe. Great men, like Vasco de Gama, Albuquerque, marquis de Pombal, issued from her bosom. The Portuguese, after discovering the Cape of Good Hope, formed extensive establishments in the Indies. Hundreds of Vessels anchored in the port of Lisbon. A vast commerce enriched this country. And now!—now, all is lost. The nation is poor and inert. Commerce is extinct. The fleets have disappeared. All the flourishing colonies of Portugal have passed into other hands, or like the mother country have sadly declined. There only remains to the Portuguese the remembrance of former prosperity, which contributes to render still more painful their present situation!

It might be hoped that, under the influence of a liberal charter, Portugal would recover gradually from her ruins. With a fruitful soil, with magnificent harbors, and with free institutions, she might indeed arrive at happier days. But the absolutism of a senseless court, party quarrels, the abuses of an ignorant and greedy government, the old popish traditions which favor the indolence of the lower classes: all concur to increase the miseries of this country; and now it is reduced to undergo the humiliation of foreign interference! Are then the denunciations of heaven upon this nation? Must it sink lower and lower in desolation, until the illustrious Lusitania is but a vast desert?

I do not propose to describe here the corrupt moral, political and mercantile condition of Portugal. More than a volume would be needed for this talk. But I will try to sketch from the accounts of the most accredited travellers, the principal features of its present condition.

It is well to remember, above all, that, since the separation effected between Portugal and Brazil, the first of these two countries has experienced an irreparable loss. Not only the fairest of its colonies is become independent, but the heads of the royal family, the most eminent statesmen, the most distinguished magistrates have taken up their residence in America. By this separation, Portugal has been, so to speak, *decapitated*.

The noble families who remain in the metropolis enjoy but little influence, and do not seek to have more. They are a worn-out, degenerate aristocracy. The Portuguese noblemen or *fidalgo* is commonly a rich man of elegant manners; he has preserved all his titles, his fortune, his seignioral castle. But he lacks education he does not know the wants of our age, and abstains purposely from political questions. The fidalgo spends a great part of the year at his country seat; then, in winter, he occupies his spacious and comfortless house in Lisbon. He cultivates some select society, where the French language is oftener employed than the national idiom, and gives himself up to every sort of idle diversion. When he can, he travels in foreign countries, and goes to display in Paris, Rome, London, his frivolity and effeminacy. Of what service is such a man to his country? The Portuguese nobility ought to act quite another part. They ought like the old British aristocracy, to take an active part in state-affairs, to protect the interest of the people, and to labor for the welfare of the nation. But except five or six illustrious families, the Portuguese nobles have failed of this high duty. For a long period they were enervated by the education imparted by monks and priests; their understanding was enfeebled, their character degraded; and when revolutions occurred in Lusitania, these degenerate men fled like children.

This evil would be less sensible, if there were in Portugal, a numerous and influential *middle class*. Thus, in France, at the revolution of '89, the *Third Estate*, as it was called, did not need the aid of nobles nor priests to effect great reforms. It could transact its business alone and with its own hands. But it is the misfortune of Portugal to have almost no citizens, in the true sense of the word, especially in Lisbon. Some bankers, merchants, and lawyers compose alone this class. They have not intelligence enough nor credit enough to direct the course of events. Most of those who belong to the middle classes regard it as a great honor to be put in public office, and sacrifice for this object their independence. The number of persons in the employ of the state is very considerable in this country. These are poor persons, ill paid, ignorant, intriguing, who have hardly anything to do, and are always ready to range themselves under the standard of the victorious party.

The lower classes of the people have no materials to constitute a good government. The populace of Lisbon are the most abject. Look at this mass of unhappy beings living in filth and idleness. They have no sense of personal dignity; they know no useful trade. Lazy as the lazzaroni of Naples, bigoted as the Calabrian peasantry, cruel on some occasions as the Sicilians, inhabiting infectious districts, they hardly deserve the name of men. You see them sometimes on their knees before the rude image of a saint, sometimes stretched in the shade upon the beach. Having no honest means of living, they beg in the streets, at private houses, at shops, churches, everywhere. You cannot move a step without being beset by this swarm of wretches; they are impudent insolent, importunate; they stop up your way without ceremony; they call you to the window; they do not let you go, till they have obtained from you alms.

Begging is a trade like any other in Portugal; no one is ashamed of it. An officer, for example, who has been cashiered, or a servant dismissed from employ accosts you in the street, and asks alms without the least scruple. If you urge them to gain their bread more honorably, be sure they will reply that they are not made for any other work; and if you insist, they will load you with the grossest insults.

It is perhaps useless to remark here how much more numerous beggars are among the Romanist nations than in Protestant countries. This is a universal fact. Compare Belgium with Holland, Italy with Prussia, the Catholic cantons of Switzerland with the Reformed cantons, you will everywhere find the same difference. Why so? Because popery fosters by its many feasts habits of idleness; by keeping the people in ignorance it takes from them the powerful motive of individual pride; lastly it makes alms a meritorious work. The charity of the Romish church is entirely behind the age; it merely casts a few pence to the wretched, and understands not that the greatest good which can be done to the poor is to elevate them in their own eyes. This retrograde character of popery is one of the surest signs of its approaching ruin.

But to return to the moral and political state of Portugal. I have already spoken of the nobles, the middle classes and the populace. Something must also be said of the *court*. The queen *Donna Maria da Gloria* is a young woman who has many children, and who would seem to accomplish perfectly the duties of a wife and mother of a family. These are very estimable qualities: but not enough for a crowned head. Donna Maria understands nothing of politics, and does not at all like a liberal government. She has shown on several occasions that respect for constitutional laws is irksome to her, and has stooped to the meanest arts to seize upon absolute power. Her husband, *Don Fernando*, is a German Prince, belonging to the interminable race of Coburg. He is wholly ignorant of the opinions and wants of the Portuguese, but he pretends to exert a greater authority than that assigned him by the constitution. Dissatisfied with the Cortes of Lisbon, who have not conferred upon him the title of generalissimo, he has conspired with the queen to overthrow the charter. He is a prince of moderate capacity, and showed little personal bravery in the late events. He is more fit to review troops on a parade day, than to figure in a field of battle. The Portuguese have no esteem for him, and this is one cause of the insurrection in this country. When the leaders of the State are despised, all is at a risk; for there is but one step for nations from contempt to revolt.

Don Fernando brought with him his old preceptor, named *Dietz*, a restless and ambitious person, who, without having any official title, possessed great authority. This Dietz governed the king, who in his turn ruled over the queen. To occupy a high place in the State, it was first necessary to obtain the good graces of Mr Dietz. This German, half jesuit, half adventurer, imagined that he could form the Portuguese people on the model of the small towns beyond the Rhine. Cold, arrogant, joining pedantry to pride, he wounded the national susceptibilities, and the opposition journals directed all their batteries against Dietz. What they dared not charge upon the king or the queen, they threw in the face of this foreign preceptor.

The principal political parties of Portugal are three in number: the *Miguelists*, the *Septembrists*, and the advocates of the charter of *Don Pedro*, or the *Pedrists*, as they are sometimes called.

First, the Miguelists. They are numerous, but of little influence. They prefer the government of *Don Miguel*, a bigoted and perjured prince, who was expelled from Portugal by the liberal party. The clergy and the monks compose the majority of this party, and with them many of the peasantry or ignorant populace who see only through the eyes of their priests. The aim of the Miguelists is to restore the old despotism, because if the king were absolute, the priests would hope to reign in his place and in his name. It is then a clerical faction, which loses day by day all chance of success, and which would be of no importance if the government had not committed unpardonable faults.

Next, the Septembrists. These men are in the opposition. They take their name from the circumstance that in the month of September, 1837, after an insurrection of the people, the Portuguere established a new constitution, more liberal than the preceding. For some years, the Septembrists had the preponderance in the government, and tried to strengthen the public liberties. This party is composed of merchants, professional men, literary men and some soldiers: the most intelligent and most active portion of the Portuguese nation, no doubt. Some distinguished personages, the duke of Palmella, the count of Bomfin, count das Antas, general Sa da Bandeira, and even the queen's uncle, the marquis of Loule, are at the head of the Septembrists, and give them an extensive influence.

Thirdly, the advocates of the charter of Don Pedro. It should be known that the emperor of Brazil, Don Pedro, having come to Portugal to oppose the pretender, Don Miguel brought with him a constitution which was at first received with gratitude by the people. By virtue of this legislative act, Donna Maria is seated upon the throne. The court affects naturally to be very much attached to this constitution. The queen, her husband, and her ministers have made the fairest protestations upon this subject. The charter! the charter of Don Pedro! this is the constant theme of their discourses. But that is a very imperfect constitution which makes two steps necessary in the election of deputies; and which, while promising to be faithful, the crown aided by the court would demolish one by one the securities stipulated in the fundamental law. This party is then eminently hypocritical and false: it is friendly to the charter in its words, and an enemy to the same charter in its acts. The Portuguese know this by long and sad experience.

Among those who promoted most zealously the anti-constitutional plans of Donna Maria, were the two brothers *Cabral:* men of low extraction, more ready than capable to govern the State, disreputable in their private life, greedy of power and of money, and disposed to do all which would please the queen, provided that they might have their part of the spoils of the country. The most known of these two brothers, *Costa-Cabral*, raised to the dignity of *Count of Thomar*, was long the leading minister in the cabinet. It would be impossible to relate all the injustice, fraud, exactions, of which he was guilty. He respected no law, and treated the most important business according to his whim, or rather according to the demands of the queen and her husband. Every day he went to seek his orders from Mr. Dietz. The finances were shamefully squandered. Provision for the public wants was neglected. No army, no navy. No care to construct roads and canals. Nothing for the common prosperity: and yet, the State treasury was always empty! When the Opposition complained of these disorders, they were treated as factions and as rebels, and threatened with imprisonment or exile. To satisfy the insatiable rapacity of the court, Costa-Cabral loaded the nation with new imposts, and increased more and more the public irritation. Not knowing where to get more money, he went so far as to tax *burials*. No one could any longer inter a dead body without paying money to the State. This was too much. This tax made the already full cup run over. The provinces revolted. A host of insurgents landed at Lisbon, while the discontented of the capital took arms. Having no means to defend himself, Costa-Cabral fled, and stole on board a French vessel of war. If he had remained in Lisbon a few hours longer, he would inevitably have been massacred by the people.

All this passed in the autumn of last year. A new cabinet was appointed, having at its head the illustrious duke of Palmella. The provinces were pacified. New elections were held which were orderly and according to legal forms. The nation kept quiet

their last savings: all would not do, and the triumphant revolution approached gradually the walls of Lisbon. Even the crown of this perjured queen was put in jeopardy. The junta of Oporto were resolved to punish these rebels with banishment, and certainly the punishment would have been well deserved.

In this extremity, the queen called for the interference of foreign powers. The cabinets of London, Paris and Madrid came to her help, and at the moment I am writing, the insurrection has been suppressed by the arms of the three allies.

This is a very serious affair. It has caused violent debates in the legislatures of England and France. By what right, indeed, may strangers interfere to prevent the fall of the queen of Portugal? Who has authorized them to employ force to put down the revolutionists? Is there any contract for mutual safety among crowned heads? Plainly, the Portuguese should be at liberty to banish Donna Maria, as the French were to banish Charles X, and the English to overthrow James II. in the revolution of 1688. These governments have acted in opposition to the fundamental principles of their policy. But all is not ended, and probably indignant Portugal will punish the queen for this shameful interference.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER

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WHAT IS OUR THEOLOGY?

Theology, which means the science of God, includes necessarily his being and attributes, his laws, his purposes, the facts of his government, his manifestations in nature and in man, his relations to man; and as man must be known in order to know the divine relations to him, and the latter involve man's relations to God, so these of consequence form a part of theology. Christ, too, as a manifestation of God's character and will, belongs to theology. On these subjects, surely Unitarians have something that they believe. What is it they believe? On this point, it gives us pleasure to quote again from Dr. Gannett:—

We have a theology, that is, we have certain definite and fixed opinions,—we, who belong to this Conference,—we and the churches and the portion of the community which we represent.—There is a name by which we are designated, whether we like it or not; and which, whether we use it or not, is never uttered in our hearing without reminding us of certain points of doctrinal agreement and difference,—agreement among ourselves, and difference from others,—by which we are therefore distinguished. There is a Unitarian theology. It includes our faith in God, in Christ, in man; in the moral character and the final issues of the present life; in the Father whom we worship, in the Son whom we honor, in the Holy Spirit which we receive; in our own capacity, and frailty; in the vileness and peril of sin; in the Gospel as a Divine gift; in progress as the law of man's being, and in perfection as its end; in spiritual renovation, and spiritual experience; in love as the great principle of sanctification, and in eternal life as its consequence and reward. I would not be guilty of the presumption of forming a creed for others; but is there one of us, brethren, that would hesitate to acknowledge these as articles of his belief? They constitute the framework of our theology. They include the revealed, fundamental, vital truths of religion. Where is your Unitarian theology? it is said. In the Bible, we reply. In our hearts, again we reply. And I would add, Here, in the doctrines of which I have now given the briefest statement. The existence, perfection, and unity of God, the universality and tenderness of his providence, the integrity of his government, the Divine authority of Jesus of Nazareth, the perpetual obligation of obedience, the efficacy of repentance, the exercise of mercy as sealed to the believer in the blood of the cross, the certainty of retribution, the promise of immortality,—are these empty words, or disconnected phrases? Is there no substance nor consistency in these forms of thought? We have a theology,—a definite, compact theology. We "believe," and therefore have we "spoken," and by God's grace will continue to speak, of the precious faith which unites us in a holy brotherhood.

We doubt whether our anti-theologians are any more than nominally so. In the next breath after denouncing all theology, we have heard them enunciate propositions which imply a theology. But they dislike a *system* of theology. Very likely they do, and with sincere earnestness. But in some of them we have thought we perceived it to be the result of early habits of desultory thought, never afterwards thoroughly subdued. In some it is owing to a natural distaste of the severer sciences, of mathematical, metaphysical or even classical studies; or to a greater love of what is termed polite literature. We confess that the perception of the cause of their aversion, has not influenced us to respect any more highly the decisions which they express.

Dr. Gannett has said that the truths which he enumerates are "the frame work of our theology." We are satisfied that they are. But with such a frame work, what edifices of various order and beauty may we erect—and the more so in the freedom with which we may select of the abundant materials before us in nature, in history, in Revelation. "They include," the writer adds, "the revealed fundamental, vital truths of religion." Not all, we think he would concede, that may be essential to the soul's progress. No human statement can comprise all these. And different mental constitutions and spiritual temperaments may require different truths, or truths in different relations and combinations; or they may seek out, for their nourishment and growth, different truths. What may have aided even a Channing, we can conceive might hinder a nature less gifted or differently educated and circumstanced. He grew with the contemplation of the greatness of man's nature. We can conceive a person with different temper to become spiritually dwarfed by dwelling on it to the same extent. Some of us, and without question Dr. Gannett himself, dwell more on Christ than is expressed in the summary which he has presented. But that he who believes thus much, exercises fundamental vital faith; that he, who receives and practices so far, will adorn the gospel here, and be sure of heaven hereafter, we think no one will care to question. And yet we may be free to say, as indeed we have already implied, that for the completest spiritual development we may look for more and fuller and higher truth than is contained in the summary quoted. Such truth will dawn on us not by means of speculation merely, but as we go on step by step in holiness, discerning and following the light which shines. Would that we might see manifested even the life according to the truths of the formula given in the pages to which we have again and again referred. It would be a more convincing proof of the reality of personal religion, and of the life of God in the soul of man, than the world is often permitted to witness. It would lead the way to the higher truths we seek. "Let us press onward toward the mark of perfection in Christian character, and if in any thing we are differently minded from one another, or from the truth itself, God shall reveal even this unto us!" (Philippians iii,15.)

ETERNAL LIFE TO PATIENT CONTINUANCE IN WELL DOING.

Says the apostle Paul, in his epistle to the Romans, second chapter, seventh verse, "To them who, by patient continuance in well doing, seek for glory and honor and immortality, God will render eternal life.

This is a very explicit and absolute statement of a principle involving the identity of religion with goodness, and expressing the terms on which future happiness will be bestowed. There are some declarations in the Bible which, like some sentences in human writings, if detached from the connection in which they stand, may seem, or may be made to speak, a very different meaning from what the writer intended to convey. But surely not so with respect to these words quoted from St. Paul. There they are, read them any way, and by no ingenuity of construction, if one should undertake to be ingenious upon them, can they be made to speak a different meaning from what lies on their very face. View them in any position you may choose, they appear the same. The principle they declare may indeed appear deeper and broader as we contemplate it, and the thought they express may seem, as we meditate, more and more profound; but the idea is so obvious in its leading import, that he who runneth may read, and read aright. You do not need to stop in order to ascertain from the connection in which it stands, whether it means so or so. You are only compelled to stop by the magnitude of the sentiment whose meaning thus strikes you at first sight. Happy those on whom the impression is thorough and permanent.

By patient continuance in well doing, in the pursuit of immortal glory and honor, a man shall attain unto everlasting life. "Well doing!" There is no phrase more significant and appropriate than this good old Saxon phrase. It is synonymous with *doing good*, and is exchanged for it in the 10th verse of the chapter, as it stands in our translation, though the words in the original Greek are just the same—"Glory, honor and peace, to every man that worketh good." In the path of well doing, then, in patiently continuing in that path, in doing works of goodness, we shall attain unto the endless life.

There is, however, often preached a distrust of good works, and even disparagement of them, as conflicting with the gospel itself. And stranger still to say, no authority is quoted so often as St. Paul himself, against the principle of works of goodness as necessary to man's acceptance with God. This comes partly from perverting his views of *faith*, and this perversion again from another of the *atonement*. But not dwelling on this just now, here is a declaration to universal man, to Jew and Gentile. The meaning, so evident in the verse by itself, is made more evident by the context. Read the entire passage.

"Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest, for wherein thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things. But we are sure that the judgment of God is according to truth, against them which commit such things. And thinkest thou this, O man, that judgest them which do such things, and doest the same, that thou shalt escape the judgment of God? Or despisest thou the riches of his goodness and forbearance and long suffering; not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance? But after thy hardness and impenitent heart treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God; who will render to every man according to his deeds: to them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life: but unto them that are contentious and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath: tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil; of the Jew first and also of the Gentile; but glory, honor and peace, to every man that worketh good; to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile, for there is no respect of persons with God. For as many as have sinned without law shall perish without law: and as many as have sinned in the law, shall be judged by the law, in the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ, according to my gospel."

Now here is doing good contrasted with doing evil, obeying the truth contrasted with obeying unrighteousness. Here the principle is applied to those who have, and those who have not, a written law or revelation, and the whole rests on the basis that God is no respecter whatever of persons, and it is declared to reach to the administering of the judgment by Jesus Christ. There is then nothing in the context to modify the declaration of the apostle in the text, and make it contain less than it seems, but every thing to confirm our first impression, and to bring out every line, and every word, in clearer exhibition, and more emphatic assertion, of the sentiment that lies on the face of it.

NORTHAMPTON, Aug. 1849.

DEAR SIR,—As you requested, I occupy a few leisure moments in addressing you from the centre of Hampshire County.

PROSPECTS—NATURAL AND THEOLOGICAL.

Perhaps the most decisive proof of the rigidity of the materials that composed the nature of Jonathan Edwards is to be found in the fact that his theology did not wax genial and comprehensive under the benignant influence of this wonderful scenery. It is rather a contradiction, or at least an exception, to that ingenious theory of the philosophical relations between Geography and History, which is strikingly stated, as I remember, by Herder, and most beautifully illustrated in a lecture by Mr. Geo. S. Hillard. That Calvin should have compacted his hard, cold system in a land of stone and ice, ledges and glaciers, is not strange. That the great Scotish Reformer should have laid a tenacious hold, with the bony fingers of his intellect, on the rough dogmas of procrastination, decrees, and absolute depravity, amidst craggy hills "rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun," is not wholly inconceivable. But that any human being, with human pulses leaping through his veins, and human sensibilities quivering in the quick places of his heart, looking out daily on the glories that are kindled up along this valley by every morning's sunrise, and every evening's sunset, conversant with the gently pleading and eloquent features of the landscape, met on every side by the noble sweep, and yet the delicate and graceful outline, of majestic mountains, terminating in undulating tillage, and thus falling by natural and varied terraces to the winding river which flows through all, and greeted on the meadows by a culture so rich and careful as to make the solitude of the woods and their overhanging shadows only the more picturesque and more grateful,—should sit down to fabricate, or defend, a scheme of divine things so directly hostile to all the speaking testimonies of the scene as almost to deny the Fatherhood of God, and quite to compromise the instincts of a generous humanity, a scheme as defective on the side of filial piety as it is narrow and bigoted towards men,—this, to say the least, laughs our common notions of fitness and adaptation to scorn. We can account for it only by supposing that all intercommunication between the closeted bilious theologian, and the bounteous, broad, affectionate nature, was shut off. It helps to this explanation, that Edwards, according to his biographers, was as austere in his manners, as despotic in his domestic government, and as distant in his personal intercourse, as he was ferocious in his creed. A few years ago, at an ordination of a minister over the Unitarian Society in the town, Dr. Channing spoke some words of appreciating and cordial tribute to the extraordinary mental power, and the pure life of this greatest of modern Calvinistic thinkers and divines,—words to which all fair minded men, and no man more cheerfully than the writer, will subscribe. But it is a poor apology for a mischievous doctrine that it has found able advocates; and it is a bad sign when the advocates of such a doctrine shield themselves against objections to its inherent character by boasting the prowess of their leaders. As I write, the immortal work on the "Freedom of the Will" lies by me, and though it cannot be taken up without that reverence that is forever due to commanding genius, and unquestioned sincerity, yet the following passage that I quote from it, will apply in every syllable just as fairly to the author of it, and his coadjutors, as to the Armenians whom he is strving to smite down with the united blows of his satire and his logic: "I will not deny, that these gentlemen, many of them, are men of great abilities, and have been helped to higher attainments in philosophy than more antient divines, and have done great service to the church of God in some respects; but I humbly conceive that their differing from their fathers with such magisterial assurance, in these points in divinity, must be owing to some other cause than superior wisdom."

On the whole, it is plain that, deep and permanent as was the mark in which the spirit of Edwards impressed itself on the minds of his own and the succeeding generation of the good people of this delightful valley, what was most contracted and undesirable in his influence is now passing gradually away. From year to year, liberality gains ground in Western and Central Massachusetts. More simple and evangelical doctrines, and a better spirit, are growing up. The persuasive and wonderful voice of God through his works will not always speak in vain. Already the religious character and intercourse of the community are softened, and are coming into more tolerable harmony than formerly with the teachings of the earth and sky. Increased facilities of external communication with the rest of the world, and the enlarging amenities of social life, are at last extending their gracious effects to the kingdom from which they ought first to take their spring and their sanction, that of spiritual fellowship,—the church of Christ. If it is true that in such a village as this the Unitarian Society is found, as a matter of fact, to embrace the more considerable portion of the intelligent and cultivated families, it is also true that out of its limits are many highly respected citizens and excellent Christians, who have also learned the charity that thinketh no evil. And although there may not be many newly organized parishes in this vicinity bearing the Unitarian name, yet there are some readers of the Register ready to believe that the progress of liberal Christianity may not be the less real for that reason, and ready to rejoice at the spread of the light of liberty and love, not less because it is diffused within the borders of other denominations than if it picked proselytes out from among them. I was present last Sunday at a third service held six miles from the Unitarian Church here, in another town, at the private residence of a family usually worshipping with their neighbours, where the surrounding population is with very few exceptions nominally Orthodox. The audience which was so large as to surprize every body, paid a fixed and interested attention to the exercises, and in a discourse which held forth what might be called positive Unitarianism, as respects the person, divine mission and redeeming work, of Jesus Christ, found, I am told, very little to disapprove. If the occasion had been used for an attack on their opinions, I suppose it would have been thrown away.

THE WEATHER AND THE FAST.

Gen. Taylor's "Recommendation" doubtless found a somewhat heartier response in this region than it otherwise would, owing to the lately threatened, and in some districts alarmingly prevalent drought. Generally the day was observed by public prayers and preaching. In several instances, however, I noticed demonstrations of a very different description, denoting any other spirit than that which bows the head as a bulrush, or covers it with sackcloth and ashes. Many of the sober husbandmen preferred to humble their hearts while gathering in their ripe harvests and their dry hay. I heard language on the subject from the honest tongues of some of them that would have done good to the heart of George Fox, and was not greatly inconsistent, perhaps, with the first and fifty-eighth chapters of Isaiah. It is certain that a prayer that I heard offered at a family altar, in the morning, was much more in the manner of Baxter than of South, in its allusion to the "powers that be;" and by the more partizan admirers of the President, its specifications as to slavery and war, and his own relations to both, would hardly be regarded as atoned for by its reverential fervor.

I referred to the drought. Apprehensions of any failure of the crops from that cause are now removed. The God that holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand, and that maketh the clouds his chariot, has sent to the parched earth repeated showers, within the last few days, that have made man and beast and vegetation look up with spontaneous gratitude to Heaven.

WATER CURE ESTABLISHMENTS.

It must have been a little tantalizing to the anxious farmers, while they were watching in despair their baked fields and the crisped leaves of their corn, and clouds out of which no drop of moisture would ooze, to know that water enough to furnish a very decent fertilization to their acres was every day poured over human "subjects" in the hydropathic institutions within sight of their own houses, and to remember that every third man they met in the street must within a few hours have been in contact with enough of the liquid element to save half a ton of their grass. Northampton has only lately put on the character of a hospital, though it has long been distinguished for its hospitality. No less than three of these water cure establishments are now weltering and spouting away in the full tide of success, in different parts of the township. Perhaps the most conspicuous, at any rate, is that located on the fine eminence of Round Hill, a spot that overlooks the whole exquisite view of the valley from Deerfield down the Connecticut to Mount Holyoke, and from Amherst to Chesterfield on either side, and is itself, with its imposing edifices projecting from a lofty and retired grove, visible from almost every point in this large circuit, one of the most attractive objects between Bellows' Falls and Saybrook. The buildings are those formerly occupied by the school for young gentlemen under the charge of J. G. Cogswell, Esq., and Geo. Bancroft, Esq., famous in its day, but like the Mount Pleasant Seminary at Amherst, and other schools of like aristocratic and expensive character in New England, now run out and extinct. These buildings, after standing for several years deserted, and partly dilapidated, are now given up to the humane purpose of drenching invalids. Connected with this rival of Brattleboro is a commodious and well kept hotel, having for its landlord the gentlemanly Mr. Brewster, formerly of the Mansion House, and it is the present season crowded with fashionable company, principally, I am told, from the cities of Connecticut and New York.

A little farther out from the centre of the town, and in a pleasant secluded position, Hydropathy has planted another Asylum, conducted by Dr. Denison. Here water is made to serve the double purpose of medicine and local mechanical power,—an ingenious hydraulic contrivance causing a small stream to lift its own water into all parts of the structure,—thus first realizing the practical paradox of making water run up hill, and then ducking the patients.

Farther on still, and near the fragment of a Socialist Phalanx, is another establishment managed by Dr. Ruggles, a colored physician, who is said to have treated many diseases with skill and success. Singularly enough, he is entirely blind, and in his diagnosis is guided wholly by the sense of touch. His theory is that every human body is enveloped and permeated by a body of electricity, and it is by playing upon this, adjusting its currents and correcting its irregularities, that he proposes to cure disorders. This matter is curious in its bearings on Animal Magnetism. Cutaneous physics! Dermal therapeutics. A materia medica of "pure soft water." The healing art condensed into manipulation and pedestrianism. Profane lips might venture to designate it as the "touch and go" system.

It must be confessed that these new enterprizes and tendencies render the associations of the place rather aqueous. It seems to be one of the principles of Hydropathy, that its diciples shall go afoot. If you are a nervous and fastidious person, it may be slightly unpleasant to reflect suddenly, when you take your friend by the hand on the sidewalk, that he is very likely swathed in saturated linen, and girt about with portable wet sheets. Besides, these Institutions introduce a somewhat promiscuous element into a community that has hitherto been remarkably staid and homogeneous. Being in company, the other day, with a gentleman whose multiplied years have abated nothing from his shrewdness and observation, and meeting one of these strangers that had evidently ceased from his infimacy with the barbers, my friend quietly remarked that he had thought this part of the country had been cleared of catamounts long ago.

In addition to these public resorts, I am informed that there is a great deal of private ducking, and other experimenting with cold water, and that the bathing pan and tub have been introduced into a majority of the dwellings, to the manifest advantage of the people. It is evident, however, that the new system is not regarded with unqualified favor. The very individual I just quoted, recalled some experience in it, with a palpable shudder, and with a gravity almost amusing, gave it as his deliberate opinion that the treatment is fatal, and that its temporary success is only owing to the practitioners having discovered some lucky means of applying it, so as to conceal the actual effect, and avoid killing off the patient *instanter*. My own impression, after some examination and trustworthy testimony, with no personal experience, is, that with numerous maladies it is really beneficial, and that in the indirect effect of encouraging frequent ablutions, it has accomplished an unspeakable good.

THE NEW CITY.

Judging from the immense power to be supplied from the river, as well as from the known enterprize and resources of the Boston and New York Capitalists that have undertaken it, this manufacturing city will exceed every other hitherto founded on the continent, and be the American Manchester. The statistics of the place having lately been made public in an article that is going the rounds of the papers, I shall not enter into them. The citizens of Northampton, for the sake of the beauty and quietness of the place, are inclined to congratulate themselves, I believe, that the buzz of the Babel is all on the other side of Mount Tom. Nevertheless, through the River Railroad, connecting with the great Eastern and Western roads at Springfield and Greenfield, and directly with New York, Northampton must share in the business progress of this whole section of the State. It is quite time the "new city" received some other name than the detestable one it now bears,—that of the "Ireland Depot." At present the throng of foreign laborers makes this appellation not inappropriate, though its origin was from another source. A Unitarian Society has made a promising and honorable beginning. The services thus far have been conducted by Rev. Mr. Ellis of this town, Rev. Mr. Nightingale of Cabotville, and Rev. Mr. Simmons of Springfield,—all of whose societies are in a flourishing condition. At Springfield, I was told there might be soon a second Unitarian parish.

AMHERST COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

Principally through private subscriptions, and pre-eminently owing to the munificent donations of Hon. Samuel Williston, a wealthy citizen of East Hampton, whose gifts to the College at different times have amounted to about fifty thousand dollars, this Institution is now free from pecuniary embarrassments,—though it long sent up unavailing prayers for help to the Legislature of the Commonwealth. It is to be hoped it will soon find means to repair the shabby interior of its chapel. President Hitchcock is understood to be a popular officer, and the classes are well filled. At the Commencement, on the ninth inst., thirty graduates performed creditable parts, interspersed with music from the Boston Brigade Band. Whether owing to a modest estimate of their value, or to a difficulty in finding men worthy of them, Amherst is sparing of her honors. This year no degrees were conferred of a higher title than A. M., and only two strictly honorary of that grade. I observe that the corporation of Trinity College, Hartford, have voted to withhold complimentary degrees, altogether. Ale D. D. and L. L. D., to be at a discount!

MR. THAYER'S ADDRESS.

The Address before the Association of Alumni, was delivered by James S. Thayer, Esq., of the New York Bar, a gentleman well known in New York City and State, as a political lawyer and a favorite and effective speaker before popular assemblies. His performance was eloquent, and received much applause. His subject was too broad for thorough treatment, being the Characteristics of American Society. To a considerable extent, it was a frank and manly plea in behalf of commerce, and what are called the external and material interests of the country, and, in that aspect, may be considered a bold production for a literary Anniversary. Before the orator closed, however, he showed a generous appreciation of scientific studies and elegant letters, and advocated a sound and varied learning as the grand conservative and guiding influence, after Religion, of our outward enterprize. Parts of the oration exhibited striking specimens of impassioned declamation.

Judge Perkins, of Salem, and Rev. Henry W. Beecher, were chosen future orators.

ADDRESS OF PROF. TAYLOR LEWIS.

Prof. Lewis's Address before the Literary Societies was capitally adapted to follow Mr. Thayer's, the merits of the one being in every respect directly opposed to those of the other. Indeed such a mind as that of Mr. Lewis must leave its mark anywhere. A thorough and patient student, an acute metaphysician, and a strong analyst, he pursues his investigations with the self-confidence of a master if not of a dogmatist, and holds his conclusions with a determination that borders—to say the least—on bigotry. To those that are at all familiar with the train of his previous speculations, as they have have appeared in various orations and articles, it will be evident at once that he dashed into a favorite field, and on a well trained hobby, when he took for his subject "Historical Naturalism;" or rather, beginning with some general strictures on Naturalism in general together with Rationalism and pantheism, he chose as the special theme of his discussion, that phase of Naturalism which it displays when dealing with history. He remarked at the outset that the phrases which have been often employed by a certain modern school of French and German sceptics, and extensively adopted, such as "God in History," "Providence in creation" &c, while they carry with them a pious appearance, *may* also have a very false and godless meaning according to the philosophy of those that employ them. He then proceeded to define and refute the various forms under which he finds this apparently religious but really faithless system broached by modern writers. The two principal theories that he examined were that which has received the name of "Development," and that which refers all great movements to ideas taking possession of the mind of the race,—ideas quite independent of any individual understanding or conception, but hovering dimly over mankind for a time and finally becoming realized in some vast enterprise or revolution, as for instance—chivalry, Protestantism, the Church. Christianity itself is only the realization in history of one of these ideas. The Prof. made himself very merry over this system, denominating these "ideas" as "spirits of the ages," "transcendental genii", generic *daimones*, and likening them to Homer's gods flitting over battle fields. So he found *Dii Majores* and *Dii Minores*, the larger changes in history embodying the former; and smaller events, or institutions, or discoveries, the latter. In the latter class are those "ideas" that give birth to the various schools of painting and orders of architecture,—the Gothic, according to one of the authorities expressing the "idea" of the perpendicular projection in opposition to the Lateral Spread!" The Historical Idealists mentioned were Michelet, La Mennais, and Parker. Morrell was designated as a Pantheist. The "Vestiges of Creation" came in for a share of condemnation. The "Philosophy of Progress" was a choice morsel for the Professor's sarcasm,—a philosophy that finds progress in everything, the optimism that sees signs of good, and developments of a progressive Humanity in whatever happens, from the fall of Adam to the annexation of Texas. "The Solidarity of the Human Race" was denounced as a phrase containing the concentrated essence of modern infidelity, and the "Permanency and perfectibility of the Species" as the insufferable babble and cant of a most canting school.

Leaving justice aside, the conservatism of the oration was as interesting for its utter heartiness as its wit and satire were entertaining for their pungency. The performance, of which I have not time to give even an abstract, was almost entirely critical, was couched in extremely scholastic and abstruse phraseology, and of course, while it riveted the attention of scholars by its brilliant analysis, fatigued the main body of the audience. The speaker barely intimated, rather than unfolded, his own doctrine, which is that of the strictest sovereignty of a direct personal Divine Will, a God acting regularly in contact with nature, and through history,—altogether superior to and independent of both, thus making history supernatural,—in opposition to that which makes history a development of humanity, or process of nature. Taking his own definitions, his system is certainly more christian than those he assails. It was curious to see a mind so enriched by culture and so familiar with the tendencies of philosophical speculation, defending, in the precise and discriminating terminology of the metaphysician, the theology of the Old Testament and the catechism. Dr. Adams, who sat in the pulpit and offered the prayer, must have been delighted with this endorsement,—though from a very different starting-point, — of his Convention sermon. And when the Professor, at the conclusion of his address, avowed his deliberate conviction that there must soon be a radical and complete separation of all receivers of the great catholic doctrines of the church, from rationalists of every description who deny the Fall and the vicarious atonement, it was manifestt hat all the surrounding company of prophets who swear by John Calvin said Amen. Yours

ULMUS.

☞ We regret to learn that the return of Rev. Dr. Ingersoll's former illness has obliged him to resign the pastoral care at East Cambridge, whose duties he was fulfilling so much to the satisfaction of that society.

We thank the author for the following communication—a clergyman of the Universalist body, who confides to us his name. We add, for the purpose of giving it all its due significance, that it comes from a responsible and very respectable source.

THE SYMPATHY BETWEEN A PORTION OF THE UNIVERSALISTS AND THE UNITARIANS.

DEAR SIR,—I have noticed with some degree of interest the controversy that has been going on between a portion of the Unitarian and a portion of the Universalist press. As I have access to the publications of the latter only, it is impossible for me to form a correct opinion of the merits of the controversy, but from what I have seen of late in the "Trumpet," of Boston, I am inclined to the opinion that it is essential for me to read *both sides*, in order to arrive at the truth.

One thing however has struck me very forcibly in reference to this matter, and that is, that what may be called the better portion of the Universalist denomination are unrepresented, and that those papers which are constantly assailing the Unitarian denomination represent only the *ultra* part of the sect, although, perhaps at present, constituting a large majority, (numerically of course) in that sect. Still, it is a notorious fact among us, that those who are really the most popular men, are those who seem to have little or no sympathy with the ultra Universalist views. Hence we never see the names of those individuals dragged into the columns of the papers to which I have referred:—their sympathy could not be had on any conditions. Hence we have none but the old school members of that party brought forward, such as Rev. Messrs. Hosea Ballou, Walter Balfour, Henry Bacon, Thomas Whittemore, and a few more of the same stamp. We never see the names of Rev. Messrs. E. H. Chapin, of New York, T. S. King, of Boston, S. R. Townley, of Charlestown, J. G. Forman, of Bridgewater, or A. D. Mayo of Gloucester, brought forward as vouchers of the truth of Mr. Whittemore's or Mr. Cobb's views. From what I can learn in my intercourse with the clergy and laity of the Universalist denomination, there is a growing hostility to Ultra-Universalism; and were it not for the fact that a few of the ultra party have control of our press, that feeling would manifest itself in a very decided manner. Indeed the leaders of that branch of the sect, (the ultras) are taking the alarm for the prevalence of more philosophical and spiritual views among us, and are constantly exhorting the "young ministers" to present the theory of Universalism more distinctly, and enforce its doctrinal teachings more frequently. The Quarterly Review has one or more articles of this character in every number. In the July No. for this year, we have one from Rev. T. J. Sawyer, on "The Importance and necessity of Doctrinal Preaching,"—and one from Rev. H. Ballou, entitled, "Suggestions concerning the Teachings of Jesus." The preaching at our Conventions, has been latterly of the same character. Old school preachers are selected by those who have the management generally of our meetings, and we are constantly plied with arguments and "suggestions," by which the rising generation of preachers may be kept in the right faith. The time however is not far distant, when there will be a turn in the scale. A sincere reverence for a few venerable, (in their day) noble defenders of the "Great Idea" of Universalism, restrains the better portion of the clergy from speaking out their convictions.

I cannot however allow these considerations to restrain me from saying to our Unitarian brethren of New England, that there is a party in the Universalist sect, which sympathizes more deeply with them than they have been wont to believe. I, for one, sincerely hope that our brethren will not think, from the silence of the minority, that they concur with Mr. Whittemore in his views, or that they approve of the *spirit* manifested by him in his attacks on the Unitarians of this country. Far from it. They deprecate it, and in their preaching, and private relations, endeavor to have it so understood.

Yours in Charity,

CLERICUS.

MY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

When I was a youth, I attended church regularly on Sunday, all day. My father never was absent, unless through disabling sickness, and he never permitted his sons to be, but for the same cause.

Our religious teacher was the Rev. Dr. P. of S——. The Doctor was aged, when I *first* knew him; but one of the most active and excitable men I ever saw. He was a natural philosopher; and not only knew how to use, but to construct the ingenious instruments of the sciences. And it was thought that he loved philosophy, almost better than he did preaching.—He was of the Unitarian faith; and most of the clergy with whom he "exchanged" were Unitarians. Many of them were eloquent. I heard, in my youth, some sermons in that house, the impression of which remains to this day. And I cannot forget the enthusiasm excited in my mind by the Rev. Mr. Buckminster, of Boston: a great light of theology, too early set.

On leaving S. for B. College, I passed into a new school of religious instruction. The President of that college was one of the most eloquent, profound and successful preachers of his time.—And his sermons were made more impressive by the extraordinary grandeur (I can find no other word to describe it,) of his personal appearance. He was very tall, thin, but muscular, erect, and dignified. His face was singularly beautiful, resembling the countenance of the Saviour, as seen in the celebrated picture of the "last supper." Engravings from this painting may be found in many houses in New England. His eyes were wonderfully penetrating and expressive. They seemed to shoot arrows though such as looked at him, when he was roused up. And all his gestures were appropriate and most graceful.

If any man ever possessed the power of conversion to his own opinions, it was President Appleton. What he said was most ingenious, logical, and forcible; and the way he said it, overwhelming. He *looked* it into his hearers. He not only preached on Sundays to the students, and prayed night and morning, in the chapel; but, he delivered to the two higher classes a course of theological Lectures, (since published, I believe,) in which he used all the force of his learning and intellect, to engraft on the hearts of the youth, his own religious sentiments. But some of us were not convinced. We argued this doctrine among our selves, and we found that the Unitarians, in their appeals to the New Testament, could not be refuted. The President heard of these discussions; and that I (among others) did not embrace his own religious sentiments. He sent for me, one evening, to come over to his study. I went, with fear and trembling, not knowing for what purpose. I found him alone, clad in a dark gown and seated at a table on which were many volumes, lying open. He desired me to sit; and then said "he had sent for me to clear up to my mind, some errors of faith into which I had fallen." He then went into a long and familiar argument, lasting more than an hour. And he enquired, "are you *now* satisfied." "I told him I was not," I was sorry to say so; since he had labored so hard and earnestly; for, said I, "you have given no explanation of numerous passages in the New Testament;" which seemed to me to mean something very different from his own opinions. And I recited several such passages. He pondered a moment; drew his hand over his brow, and in a mild voice said, "*you may go.*"

The subject of religion was continually discussed among the students; and I think that, before long, there were a majority of Unitarians among them, when I took my degree and left for the world at large.

Some years after this, the village where I *then* lived, being under an excitement on religious matters, I resolved to understand the subject more thoroughly. And, borrowing from a well stocked library of a clergyman, and from the libraries of several eminent men of different professions, all their books relative to this matter, and obtaining other books elsewhere, I devoted a winter and spring, and a part of a summer, to investigation. My early religious faith was confirmed, not again (as I believe,) to be shaken. I only wish that it had made as strong an impression on my heart, as it has on my mind. But I have been too vivacious and excitable for serious life. Since then, having been tossed on the whirlpool of misfortune, and suffered most perilous sickness, I have become more thoughtful, and have lost much of my early taste for pleasures of sense. And now my early religious convictions come up, afresh. Not at all dimmed by lying by, but strong and vivid and convincing. I have come near dying several times; and my confidence in what I believed, was not shaken. I have endured many and severe and continued privations; I have not (like Job,) lost my confidence in God, nor felt my belief in his truth disturbed. I have heard eloquent and argumentative Trinitarian preachers in great numbers; but I had an answer to all their sentiments opposed to my own. If I had followed the precepts of my religion, I should have lived well. For I have an assurance it is good to live by; and I rest upon it as an anchor, in the hope that it will prove good to die by.

X.

OF "REVIVALS OF RELIGION."

We hear these words used to describe a religious excitement, produced by some enthusiastic preacher. If an event of uncommon and fatal termination happens, an adroit "revivalist" can turn it to good account, in increasing the number of his followers. We have, for many years, been a witness to many "revivals," in different parts of the country. There was no perceptible difference in the mode of their production nor in the course of their progress. The only difference was, *in the results*. Some revivals produced only a small crop. Others, when the operators were more fervid, zealous, and eloquent, gathered a more bountiful harvest. But in every case, much of the fruit was wormeaten, and perished in a short time. It had been so "forced," that there was no vigor or substance in it. And, the "revivals" like the quieting of the sea after a storm, soon subsided into a motionless calm. The calm of indifference!

This was perfectly natural. Men who have been excited with wine, or other "strong drink," are sullen and torpid, when the stimulus has expended its force. They are indifferent to everything, but more stimulus. And so it is with religious congregations. That minister who encourages a "revival" makes for himself a vast amount of labor for after years. He must task *all his powers* incessantly, and summon to his aid strong coadjutors, or the work will languish, and his people gradually "cool off,"—until the common ordinances of religion are neglected, and he finds himself preaching to bare walls. And it is known, that *another* "excitement" is much harder to be "got up," and expires in a much less time.

The effect of these mental stimuli resembles very closely those ministered to the body. The ancient toper requires several and strong doses before he rises up to his natural state *of mind* and body,—and much more, to produce the desired full enjoyment. While the organ of his body and mind, and *the sensibilities* of his soul (if I may use the expression,) are daily declining. I have seen some, who had no more energy left, than a "sloth," the most inert of animals. And so it is with religious excitement. Every time it is resorted to, a larger and stronger dose is required. After which the apathy is the deeper and more confirmed until after several of these "experiments," the whole "society" will resemble a field of grain burnt over by the fire. I have seen some scorpions which made me think of those toads discovered in the midst of a blasted rock. They may by their sudden introduction to light and after so many centuries, perhaps hop once or twice, but expire in a short time.

And I may add, that where the love of excitement has once been kindled and enjoyed there remains an insatiable desire to "experience" again, its exhilarating influence. And when the original doses fail of effect, a stronger kind is resorted to, by the experienced practitioners. And this is the cause why the pastor who has built up a society by such means, can never have any confidence in its permanency. His flock are continually running at large, and leaping the fences; seeking (mainly) that proper food for which they have acquired a taste. If he strives to procure or produce it, he is worn out in the effort. If he calls in the aid of more fervid shepherds, the flock is scattered by following after them. And, if, seeing his error he attempts to lead them back to the still waters, pastures of a purer and more rational faith, they are left capable of relishing and enjoying the change. He is accused of falsehood to his original vows, and probably, dismissed to make way for some more stringent professor.

Such is the end of all deviations from the true faith which reason approves, and which the Bible enjoins. Of all things, the idea of God and his worship, is the most tranquilizing. The most turbulent heart is soothed by the contemplation of perfect goodness, united to unlimited power. The most tearful eye finds its weeping receding, when it looks up to Him. And the most harrassed mind gathers peace and consola

tion, when meditating of Him, who is the "same to-day and forever." At all times accessible, and ready to receive into his "peace which passeth all understanding," every soul who kneels penitently at his altar. And, with the first faint ray of grace received into the soul, enables its professor to bring forth fruit unto eternal life.

TO THE BENEVOLENT.

Now is the time to send all over the United States such moral and religious works as are lying unused in our homes. In the winter-season very few opportunities occur of doing the highest good with our open books: at this time, three applications a day have been repeatedly made at the office of the Unitarian Association for presents of our religious literature, by ministers at large, by Presidents of colleges, by Western missionaries and newly-formed Sunday Schools. And the donations for this purpose seem to come at the very moment they are most wanted, as by a special Providence. At present, a Calvinistic Divinity School is desiring to receive some of our ablest doctrinal works, a Western Missionary needs fifty old hymn books for the worship of his people, a Sunday School in Western Virginia is depending upon a donation of appropriate publications, and some of our smaller works are needed for distribution in prisons and asylums by a female friend, whose labors in this department are the most memorable event in recent American history.

A very valuable box from Mrs. J. of Edgartown only prompts us to desire more of the same and other kinds. Many of the old Tracts are out of print and will be thankfully received. Newspapers it is found are too bulky to be sent to any great distance. Works for the young are most in demand, and next, books upon practical religion.

F. W. H.

THE ANGEL MESSENGERS.

It was the evening hour of church service.

The vast interior of the ancient edifice in which knelt here and there, a worshipper,—echoed through its solemn arches to the pure and earnest tones of the preacher, striving with the mightiest power of human eloquence to bring into communion with their Maker, the souls that had come up hither to bow at His Holy Shrine.

As they rose from the attitude of prayer, to listen to teachings of one who spoke ever from the depth of his spirit—from the utmost experience of his own life—of the wants of the human heart—of its trials and sorrows, of its glorious hopes,—there were some among the many also, the cold, the care-worn faces, that bore the trace of deep emotions, perchance, of agony or contrition.

Far away from the preacher,—yet she heard every sound of his voice from its gentlest tone of touching entreaty, to its full, deep burst of warning,—was a young girl, whose tremulous lip, and sensitive,downcast eye betrayed that she felt as well as heard his earnest appeal to the immortal within. And though her eyes were cast down, she discovered clearly before her, the presence of winged forms, hovering near and about her, that were not, as she knew—of earth or air,—but come from the regions of the spiritual, to bring images of the Past and visions of the Future. *She saw—a picture of the Past,*—herself—a lonely child, weeping at her mother's grave so bitterly, as if she could never smile again—and there came to her a woman with kind words and looks of pity, to take her away to a happy home, to dwell there,—and a sweet little girl, twining her arms around her neck, begged her to stay and be her sister. Again she saw her adopted sister, a lovely maiden, just growing into womanhood. She stood by the open latticed door in the soft air of a summer evening under the thick underweaving branches of a fragrant honeysuckle, and a youth was beside her, with eager hand offering the flowers he had plucked with a hopeful heart. With a smile and a blush she received them, and the river was happy that she despised not his simple token of affection.

The scene changed. Again, the maiden appeared—no longer smiling and happy—and the youth, the image of despair, gazed upon her, as with averted eyes she coldly turned away. The angel messenger bade the young girl look steadily on this picture, but she could not behold it without a pang, and she desired to see it no longer. "Thou canst cure this sorrow if thou wilt—thou knowest it"—they said, as they unfolded to her view a vision of the Future. There —in that very church—before the altar, the youth and the maiden, with a calm, radiant happiness, plighted their vows of trust and constancy. "Behold they work!" said the spirit voices —and the heart of the young girl beat joyfully once more, and she looked upward at the preacher with beaming eyes and a clear, gladdened brow.

An old man with silver hair like a halo around his noble head, also heard the voice of the preacher. And, although his eyes were dimmed by age, he, too, saw distinct as life, all the past unrolled before him as a scroll. His youthful follies and his sins—his manhood's hopes, alas! how many were blighted—all, save the one undying hope of immortality, grown deeper and higher with every year of trial, till now it had indeed reached heaven,—as the angel withdrew the veil of Futurity before the gaze of his wrapt vision, and showed the beloved ones long parted from,—ever mourned—never forgotten—with their golden harps hymning grateful praises to the Eternal, and songs of welcome to the Redeemed.

"Thou wilt soon be with them!" said the spirit voices—and the old man's eyes, dimmed as they were—lighted by an unearthly brightness, were fixed on the speaking face of the preacher —and the last rays of the sunset, as loth to depart, shone lingeringly on his snowy locks, encircling his head with a crown of gold.

The spirit forms were hovering over all who were assembled in this holy temple,—but to the many, they were invisible. "Eyes had they" but they saw not the angels,—"ears"—but they heard not the voices that should have unstopped even the closed ears of the deaf, with their electric tones.

Only one other, beside the young girl and the old man, perceived them. He was a man in the prime of life, whose stern and iron features, no longer unmoved, betokened the tempest of agony that raged within his breast. As his restless eyes wandered hither and thither, there appeared to him, a pale, drooping woman, clad in mourning, leading a golden-haired boy to a secluded spot in the midst of large, graceful trees, whose thickly interlacing branches seemed to shut from their view all the sights of busy care and pleasure they had left behind, and to inspire that woman's troubled heart with calmness, for she knelt on the fresh, green, mossy bank, and bade her child kneel beside her, and with a clear, low voice, she prayed,—"Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors—and lead us not into temptation!"

"Thy mother!" whispered the voices.

Again—he beheld many wretched abodes, that, but for his avarice, would have smiled with plenty—desolate widows made still more desolate—orphans deprived of their earthly all,—by his unpitying, grasping hand. Moans of wretchedness, shrieks of misery that he might have turned into rejoicing, pierced his ears, as he strove in vain, to turn away from the Past, spell-bound by a power that he could not resist.

Another vision awaited him—a brighter Future—in which, from dwellings made happy by his bounty, sounds of thanksgiving arose, and blessings on his name, never before joined but with cursing,—and he descried the very beings but now so desolate, with the woful, care-worn faces—sparkling with the light of mirth and cheerfulness.

"Thou can'st bring this magic change," said the angels,—and the stern man wept tears of hope—for his strong heart was softened.

The last words of the preacher were spoken. The worshippers withdrew silently, one by one, filled with admiring wonder at his mighty gift of eloquence.

C. A.

LINES TO A COUNTRY CHURCH.

Meek fane! we love thee well—
Though not with ivy crowned, nor hath old time
Thy battlements writ o'er with crumbling leaves,
Or moss.—For dearer ties, and holier far,
We love thy stainless walls—and bend we there
In adoration low, as round thy courts,
With chasten'd hearts, our willing footsteps press
No lofty dome is here—nor tablet quaint—
Nor sculptur'd urn with cunning symbols wrought—
Nor censer old with sacred incense filled,
With which to fan devotion's kindling flame.
But holy thoughts, and aspirations pure—
The simple fervor of an earnest faith,
And hearts attun'd to melody, and praise,
These, and these only, are the gifts we bring,
To lay before thy shrine.

For what, then, do we love these walls?
Why are they to our trusting hearts as dear
As though their crest were sealed by marble dome,
Or lofty tower? Because that here we draw
In spirit nearer that eternal throne,
From whence all truth, and goodness ceaseless flow.
'Tis here we feel the presence all divine.—
For thus it is; our Master said, where two,
Or three, were gather'd in His name, would He
Among them dwell; We feel that those blest words
Were true; We *feel* that God's almighty arm,
Encircles us in love, as round His shrine
In fervent prayer we bow.

For this, then, do we love this fane—
For this, we linger round her cherish'd aisles;
For this, our hearts to holiest rapture thrill,
As the soft anthem, on its wing of praise,
Through the wide arch ascends; for here we feel
Our souls are borne in melody aloft;
And soaring far above all earthly things,
To heaven's broad gates ascend; and mingling there,
With angel throngs that worship at His feet,
We hold sweet commune with Almighty God,
And fan the throne with praise.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Sermon preached to the First Congregational Society in Leominster, July 22, 1849. By Rufus P. Stebbins. Printed by request. Boston: Printed by John Wilson, 21, School Street. 1849, pp. 20.

This eloquent sermon was delivered to the society in Leominster, by the earnest request of the pastor, on occasion of their being about to remodel their place of worship. When we remember that Professor Stebbins was the former pastor, we feel that there was great fitness in calling the old pastor to preach them out, while the new should preach them in. The Sermon dwells on the past, not moodily, but so as to put a cheerful courage on There must have been tears, but such as to purify. The preacher's remarks on his former relations to the people, as connected with the freedom of the pulpit, has much increased our respect for him and for them. We have seen nothing to compare with the admirable strain of remarks on his past ministry. An honored tribute is paid to his predecessors, especially to Withington, and every counsel given suited to such an occasion.

Hume's History of England.—We have received, through Messrs. Munroe & Co., Vol. II of this handsome reprint, by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson, & Co., which has just appeared. It embraces the period between A. D. 1216, and A. D. 1485, and the reigns of Henry III, the Edwards I, II, III, Richard II, the Henrys IV, V, and VI, the Edwards IV and V, and Richard III. It introduces also William Wallace, Robert Bruce, Wat Tyler and the Maid of Orleans, and details the battles of Bannockburn, Crecy, Poictiers and Azincour, the opposition of the barons, the quarrels of the houses of York and Lancaster, etc., etc.

We recommend the reading of Shakspeare's Richard III, the Henrys IV, V and VI, and Richard III, in connection with this volume of Hume.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

[The 21st Annual Report of the Sunday School Society, containing an Address on Parental Influence, with an account of the proceedings of the Public Annual Meeting, 30th of May, 1849. Boston: S. G. Simpkins: pp. 24.]

We have published in our columns an extended report of the Annual Meeting, the Travelling Agents' Report, and also quoted very largely from the Address. Our friend "P." lays on our table a note as follows:—

The Society has printed an edition of this address of 5,000 copies—double their usual number of publication—have caused them to be done up in small packages, and at their own expense have sent them through the Post Office or by the expresses to every considerable parish connected with the Unitarian denomination, with a "Note" on the last page, urgently requesting those pastors and superintendents, into whose hands it may come, to interest themselves to see that each family in the Parish, as well as each Teacher in the Sunday School, has the perusal of the Address.

We would aid the Directors in securing this important end. Pastors and Superintendents will be doing a good work who bestow the labor and the pains, indicated by this request, to obtain or receive the package from the post-office, to place its contents in the way of their Parishioners and Teachers, and help to give a wide circulation to this interesting and valuable document.

The Evening Traveller.—We read with great interest the well filled columns of the Evening Traveller. On Saturday evening last it appeared in new type and paper, presenting a beautiful and attractive page, as well as good matter. Its enterprize and ability are every day becoming more conspicuous, and an increasing circulation is its sure reward.

Father Mathew at Mayor Bigelow's.—The doors of our Mayor's fine residence were opened on Thursday evening last for a social occasion in honor of Father Mathew. It was worthy of the ample and elegant hospitalities of the chief magistrate of our city, and presented an assembly of intelligence, worth, and honor, worthy of the metropolis of New England.

Roman Catholicism in France.—France is sometimes spoken of as a country where "the old religion has died out." But those most conversant with the state of religion in France, say this is not the case,—but that within ten years past there is a greatly increased attendance at the churches in Paris, and that this is still more strikingly the case in the rural districts. Rev. J. Parkman's article in the Christian Examiner is our authority for the facts herein mentioned.

The Roman Catholic church comprehends, including the see of Algiers, fifteen archbishoprics, and sixty-six bishoprics. These dignitaries were all nominated by the head of the French Government. All connection between the Roman Catholic church and the State has now ceased (since the revolution of 1830,) with the exception that its ministers, in common with those of the Protestant church as receive small stipends from Government. It is estimated that the number of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics is about forty thousand, including the inmates of monasteries.

In no Catholic country is there so much of the missionary spirit as in France. About three-fourths of all the Roman Catholic missionaries in heathen lands,are Frenchmen. The fourteen Roman Catholic bishops of China are all natives of France.

With a very few exceptions,—such as Lacordaire, Ravignan, and the Abbe de la Mennais,—the common standard of Catholic preaching throughout France, is of a very ordinary description. Nor is the preaching itself properly styled Catholic, as will appear by the following passage of a letter of the Rev. M. Coquerel to M. Guizot.

"The clergy themselves have much to do with my Protestant hopes. . . . . Their preaching, generally speaking, has little of the Catholic element. Visit the churches of the capital. You will hear discourses against infidelity, against materialism, against anarchy of opinion, the over-boldness of systems, discourses in favor of authority and infallibility, upon the good effect which Catholicism has had upon civilization, science, philosophy, even liberty,—discourses against Protestantism. But of good frank sermons, well filled with Catholic dogmas,—how many of these are preached in a year in Paris? Even the celebrated *conferences* of *Notre Dame*,—are not these rather the ingenious dissertations of a rhetorician, who embellishes, and not infrequently evades, great questions, than the instructions in a positive form of an infallible church, sending forth anathemas against error, a sanction to the truth, and to the souls of the hearers eternal safety or perdition? In one word, it seems to me, Sir, that Catholicism is not entirely Catholic in the pulpit; and I think the reason of this is, that the congregation is always a little Protestant."

The Paths of the Destroyer.—In two hours near noon of last Friday, a gentleman counted eleven funerals crossing the Williamsburg ferry in New York city.

One Catholic burial-ground is understood to sell seven hundred dollars worth of graves per week during this epidemic.

New York hotels are almost deserted of guests, and merchants do not pretend to be doing anything; while the streets have little of that rush and crowd so characteristic of New York.

Fine Churches.—Brooklyn, N. Y., presents the greatest collection of these churches of any city of its size and age. In some spots three or more freestone structures of great beauty are in sight; and there has hardly been a public building put up there, for some time past, without considerable pretensions to elegance: while several blocks of houses with carved stone fronts ornament the favorite portions of this growing and beautiful city. Trinity Church, a more showy edifice than the church of the same name in New York, was erected by the enterprize of a single gentleman of wealth, who appropriates a portion of its area to the poor: its lofty tower is not yet completed.

Travelling on the Sound.—There is far less travelling on the Sound and in almost every direction than usual: and some of the railroads hardly reach half the expected income of the most productive season. Should the cholera disappear, multitudes would roam about freely.

An Era of Good Feelings. We find the following in the August number (new series) of the *Universalist Miscellany*, a Monthly now under the care of Rev. T. G. Adams, editor, and Rev. T. H. Miller, Assistant Editor and Agent.

An Era of Good Feelings.—From the best authority, we learn that several ministers of different denominations in Portsmouth, N. H., have met together every Monday for several months past, and have spent an hour or two in social, fraternal and Christian conversation. The denominations thus represented are the Baptist, Christian, Methodist, Orthodox, Unitarian and Universalist. Each of the ministers, composing this circle, gave a brief abstract of his sermons, which he preached on the previous day; and the remainder of the time at each meeting was spent in friendly criticism for mutual improvement, and in conversation on religious and moral topics of general interest. The meetings were found to be both pleasant and profitable, and were accordingly kept up until the expected absence of some members from town, rendered it expedient to suspend them for the present.

Massachusetts Denominational Statistics.—The Massachusetts State Record and Year Book of General Information, published this year, gives the names of the Churches and Ministers of every denomination in each town. Casting up the list, I get the following summary of the principal denominations:

Trinitarian Congregationalist Churches,		465
Calvinist Baptist,	"	230
Methodist,	"	207
Unitarian,	"	167
Universalist,	"	138
Episcopalian,	"	57
Roman Catholic,	"	27

President Taylor's Proclamation. An official proclamation has been issued by the President of the United States, for the purpose of arresting and bringing to punishment certain bands of men, who,it is satisfactorily ascertained, are engaged in New Orleans, New York, and some of our other large cities, in fitting out an armed expedition to take possession of Cuba, or some of the Mexican provinces. To preserve the faith and honor of our government, the President warns all citizens who may have engaged in measures which so grossly violate the treaty obligations of the United States, of the heavy penalties pronounced against them by acts of Congress,and their forfeiture of all claims to the protection of their country, or any extremities to which, by their criminal misconduct they may be reduced. And all good citizens are expected by all lawful means, to discourage and prevent an enterprize tending so much "to endanger the peace, and compromise the honor of the nation." And all officers of the government are called upon to use all efforts to arrest, and bring to trial and punishment all such offenders against the laws. The President will receive the thanks of the country and of all countries, for this timely and decided action.

The National Common School Convention, which was to take place in Philadelphia on the 22d of August, has been postponed until the 17th of October, on account of the prevalence of cholera throughout the country.

Mansfield Coal. The surveys of the most scientific gentlemen, and practical geologists have long since decided the question, beyond a reasonable doubt, of the existence of an abundance of good anthracite coal, in the town of Mansfield, Bristol Co. which can be mined and delivered in this city much cheaper than the Pennsylvania coal. A company, as we are informed, has been incorporated, under whose direction men are now at work boring for coal in Mansfield, preparatory to sinking a shaft. This is well. There is not sufficient reason, why so much mineral wealth as unquestionably lies there buried, should be any longer neglected; especially when it is believed that a comparatively small capital will be required in the operation of mining.

Mrs. Geo. W. Greene. This gifted and lovely Italian, the wife of Professor Greene, of Brown University, died recently in Florence, on her way to join her husband in this country.

Arrival of the Hibernia.—This steamer reached her wharf at East Boston, Wednesday, Aug. 15, half past 10 P. M., bringing advices from Liverpool to August 4, London to Aug. 3, and Paris to Aug. 2. The daily deaths from cholera in England and Scotland were reported at the rate of about 600. The weather continues fine, and an abundant harvest, already commenced, is promised. The Earl of Harrowby in the House of Lords called attention to the depressed condition of the West Indian colonies, imputing its misfortunes to the Emancipation Act. In France tranquillity prevails. Louis Napoleon seems to be growing still more popular. An organic change in the government is beginning to be declared necessary by the public journals. From Hungary the account of Jellachich's defeat is confirmed. The war still rages with unrelenting fury. In Italy the Pope's return to the capital is indefinitely postponed. Charles Albert, the ex-king of Sardinia, died in Lisbon, 28th July, after intense suffering.

☞ AUTUMNAL CONVENTION OF UNITARIANS. The Committee of Arrangements hereby give notice that the Autumnal Convention, will be holden in Portland, Maine, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 9th and 10th days of October. The Convention will meet for organization on Tuesday, at 5 o'clock, P. M. JAMES W. THOMPSON,
Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

☞ SUPERINTENDENTS of our city Sunday Schools, not having received their parcels of the new child's paper, issued at Worcester, can obtain them by application during the week following, at 111 Washington St.

The second number of the paper will wait for sufficient names to be sent us to secure the enterprize from loss. The cost will be only twenty-five cents per year. Each paper will be embellished with cuts. The S. S. Association of Worcester county originated this effort.

☞ FAIR IN SHARON, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY. A Fair will be held to aid the Society in Sharon, on Wednesday, Aug. 22d, to commence at 10 o'clock, in a grove. The Ladies of Sharon having made great preparations for their Fair, invite the friends generally to aid in their benevolent work.

Addresses will be delivered on the occasion.

☞ BIRTH-DAY OF JOHN HOWARD—ANNUAL FESTIVAL. The Annual Festival in commemoration of the birth-day of John Howard, in connection with a Fair to aid the Prison Reform, will take place in Washingtonian Hall, Bromfield St., on Monday, Sept 3d, to continue three days. Artists, Manufacturers, Mechanics, &c., are invited to send the products of their labor. Females are also solicited to present specimens of their skill and ingenuity.

There will be good speaking each evening, also, appropriate music.

Donations in money or goods may be sent to B. N. Greene's bookstore, Washington St, or to the Committee of Arrangements, where tickets may be had, and also at Crosby & Nichols' bookstore.

Tickets 12½ cts—Children half price.

Season tickets 25 cts.

An Address on the character of John Howard, will be delivered on the Sabbath evening previous, Sept. 2. The place to be announced in the papers of the day.

P. S. As the true day is Sept. 2d, it has been suggested that clergymen refer to the labors of Howard in their sermons.

MARRIAGES.

In Dedham, 8th, by Rev. Dr. Lamson, Mr. Nathaniel Simth, Jun., to Miss Mary E. Phillips.

In Providence, by Rev. Mr. Hall, Antonio M Vanaga del Velle, of Cuba, to Miss Ellen M. Clement of Louisiana.

At St. John's Church, Northampton, on the 9th inst, by Rev. Mr. Burroughs, Rev. Charles Mason, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, to Miss Anna H. Lyman.

In New York city, 31st ult., at the Church of the Divine Unity, by Rev. Mr. Bellows, Armand De McCarty, of Cuba, to Matilda W. Post, of New York.

In Hingham, by Rev. Joseph Richardson, Mr. Charles Spring, to Miss Nancy H. Remington, both of H.

In Taunton, 2d inst., by Rev. Mr. Brigham, Mr. Joseph W. Snow, to Mrs. Hannah S. Sheffield, both of Rochester.

DEATHS.

In this city, Aug. 2d, Miss Margaret Faris, formerly of Newburyport, and daughter of William Faris, Esq.,—63 years.

"Why did'st thou linger? thou art happier now!"

The excellencies of one so dear to her friends and connexions, will be ever cherished amongst their deepest recollections. Tried in the stern school of adversity and change, she sought and found strength from a source unchangeable; and when the goods of this life fell from her grasp, she laid up her treasures in Heaven. Her trust and steadfastness never failed her, and having been a blessing to all around her, she passed to her reward. L. G. P—s.

In Templeton, July 30, Miss Anna Lamb, aged 67 years. The Printers in Vt., and N. Y. are requested to publish this death.

In Greenville, Ind., July 5th, of cholera, Mrs. Frances Ann, wife of Fisher A. Wilder, formerly of Athol, Mass.

In Thompson, Conn., Rev. Daniel Dow, D.D., aged 77—having been the sole pastor of the Congregational Church of that place for 53 years.

On board a steamboat between Cincinnati and St. Louis, of Cholera, Mr. Levi Wyman, of Yazoo City, formerly of Salem. It is but a few weeks since he came back to Salem, with his wife and three children. He left them there, and started to return, but died on the journey.

On Saturday, 4th inst., after a long and painful illness, Abner Loring Baker, of Hingham, aged 28 years, partner in the house of J. Baker & Sons, of Boston.

Aside from the effect of this calamity upon the immediate family of the departed—to whom his life, in the several relations he bore to its different members, was invaluable,—Mr. Baker's death will be felt by a large circle of friends in his native town, and elsewhere, as a severe loss to them and to the community in which he dwelt. Always faithful in his duties as a son and brother, a husband, and a father, those who held towards him the corresponding relation, found in him all they could wish.

A warm friend, he expected from those to whom he gave his confidence a full return in kind.

Urbane, of an unvarying cheerfulness, and good temper,—which did not desert him through long months of intense mental and bodily suffering, the result of disease—he scarcely failed to attach to himself all who came within the sphere of his influence.

To extraordinary business, capacity and maturity of judgment he united untiring industry and perseverance in all he undertook; and many have felt and will yet enjoy the benefit of his exertions, in the establishment and building up of a business which gives employment to large numbers of his fellow town's-people.

Evidence of strong religious faith was particularly exhibited during the sickness which has finally caused his death.—Mental anguish, the effect of his malady, and which is always most difficult to be reached by mere human sympathy, found no relief, he said, except in prayer.

It will be grateful to all who mourn his loss to know that suffering had done its work by guiding him into a more intimate communion with his Maker; and to feel assured that his death, long foreseen and foretold by himself as fast approaching, though this was not realized by any one else, has brought rest and peace to their friend, which from the nervous affection that he labored under, there was scarcely a hope, had he lived, would ever have returned to him here.

[Evening Journal.

MORNING SCHOOL

For Young Ladies.

AFTER July 21st, a select Morning School will be held, through the season, at the pleasant and retired rooms, rear of 339 Washington Street, over Hallet, Cumston & Allen's Pianoforte saloons, where Ladies and Misses desirous of pursuing or completing any of the following studies, may attend, at hours to suit their convenience, from 8½ to 12 M.

Plain and Ornamental Needlework, by Mrs. Wm. Garrett, (from London.)

Plain and Ornamental Penmanship, by Mr. O. E. Linton.

Fruit and Flower Painting, Drawing and Perspective by, Mrs Wm. Garrett, & Mr. Capen.

Teacher of Pianoforte and Voice by, Mr. Edward L. White.

Pianoforte and Guitar, English and Italian Song, and Opera Singing, by Mrs. Wm Garrett.

Class, Choral, and Concert Singing by Mr. J. C. Johnson.

English Branches, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Latin, and Greek Languages by, F. L. Capen, Mrs. Wm. Garrett, Dr. Arnault, and Signor Lanza.

Terms moderate. The Ladies' Gymnasium fitted up for the Summer and free to pupils.

P. S.—Terms of the High School, 339 Washington St., reduced, to favor parents sending their children permanently, for a complete education.

FRANCIS L. CAPEN, *Principal.*
MRS. WM. GARRETT, *Governess.*
339 Washington St., Up Stairs. ag18.

NOS. OF THE EXAMINER WANTED.

NOS. 111 and 114 of the Christian Examiner. One dollar a number will be paid for a few copies by
CROSBY & NICHOLS,
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KING'S CHAPEL, &c.

A LITURGY for the use of the Church at King's Chapel in Boston; collected principally from the Book of Common Prayer, 5th edition; with Family Prayers and Services, and other additions by F. W. P. Greenwood, D.D., 1 vol. 12 mo., mor., price $1,25. Also a few copies of the large paper copy, 8vo.; History of King's Chapel, in Boston; the first Episcopal Church in New England; comprising notices of the introduction of Episcopacy into the Northern Colonies, by Dr. Greenwood, 1 vol, 12mo, page 212, 75 cts.

For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., No. 134 Washington, opposite School St. ag18.

MORNING AND EVENING MEDITATIONS for every day in the month, being selections from the writings of Channing, Ware, Greenwood. Dewey, and other clergymen, English and American, edited by Miss Abbey Carpenter of Bristol, Eng.,—a few copies put up in extra style, for sale at the former price by
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CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

TO THE EARLY SUBSCRIBERS.

THOSE having the earliest vols., can have them bound in the same style with the late vols., (very neatly and durably,) for 50 cents a vol. The vols. for 1844 and since, will be bound for 25 cents a vol., and the same style of binding will be continued in all future vols. CROSBY & NICHOLS,
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PUBLISH this day The Stars and the Earth; or, Thoughts upon Space, Time and Eternity. 1st American, from the 3d London edition, with an introduction by Rev. Thos Hill. 1 vol. 25 cents.
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THE Fall Term of fourteen weeks, will commence on Wednesday, the 19th of Sept. next.

Applications for admission may be made in writing or otherwise, to the Principal at Newton Centre.
JOHN B. HAGUE, Principal.

Circulars containing particular information respecting the Institute will be sent to any order.

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Terms; $132 per annum.

References. Mr. Geo. B. Emerson, Wm. H. Knight, Esq., Wm. H. Foster, Esq., (Cashier Groceers' Bank) Boston; Rev. A. R. Baker, Medford; Rev. H. F. Edes, Woburn; Mr. J. W. Brown, Framingham. RUFUS F. BREWER.
Framingham, May 26, 1849. 3tis7os

NEW TREATMENT OF BRONCHITIS.

DR. J. K. PALMER, continues with great success, the new treatment of Bronchitis and other affections of the Throat and Lungs, recently introduced by Sir Charles Scudamore of England, and employed with so much success in the practice of that celebrated Physician.

Dr. Palmer's Office is No. 4½ Salem street, Boston. No charge for consultations or advice. Medicines and Inhaling Apparatus furnished on reasonable terms.
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THE SUBSCRIBER proposes to open a School which shall unite the advantages of a Teacher's Institute with those of a Normal School at Concord, Mass., on the 15th of August.

Besides Practical Instruction in the Art of Teaching, Lectures, Lessons in French, the Use of Educational Books and Journals, &c., &c., will be furnished, and the entire tuition fee will be *ten dollars*, for a term of *twelve weeks*.

Any teacher or person intending to teach, of good character, will be admitted, without any obligation to teach in this state, or to attend more than one term. For further particulars please apply to
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Designed to furnish a thorough and fully accomplished Education;

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LADIES' CALISTHENCEUM,

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APPROPRIATE GYMNASTIC AND CALISTHENIC APPARATUS,

For Healthful Exercise and Recreation.

To commence on Monday, Sept. 18. Hours, from 9 till 2

Parents in quest of a suitable School for the Education of their daughters are respectfully invited to call.

Application may be made every day, from 9 to 11 o'clock, A. M., at No. 339 Washington Street, 5 doors South of West Street.

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COLD SALT WATER BATHS,

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Western Avenue, (Mill Dam,) Rear of The *New Brick Block.*

THIS celebrated Establishment having undergone thorough repairs, is opened for the season. The *Cold Shower* and *Swimming BATH*, has been removed some two or three hundred feet further into deeper water, which at all times is pure and abundant. The Ladies' Baths are entirely removed from those of the Gentlemen, and are provided with Female Attendants.

Invalids and *Children* will receive particular attention.

Terms.—Season Tickets.—$4,00, or 12 Tickets for $1, single ones, 10 cents each.

Swimming taught by a competent professor.

Additional rooms have been added, with Fleeting Shower Baths, put up in the most approved style. Also, new Dressing Rooms, which will at all times be found perfectly dry and convenient.

The proprietor would call attention to the fact, that though his establishment has been very much improved the prices have been somewhat reduced.

The Ladies and Gentlemen of Boston are respectfully invited to call.

Open from sunrise to 10 o'clock, P. M.
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DRS. ROGERS & CARTEE,
SURGEON DENTISTS,

OFFICES NOS. 63 AND 85 MAIN STREET,
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DR. Z. ROGERS respectfully announces, that in consequence of the continued increase of his business, he has formed a connexion with C. SOULE CARTEE, M. D. a gentleman long and favorably known in our community, whose previous knowledge of Dentistry, mechanical skill, and Medical education, render him an efficient acquisition to the profession of this city.

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The Preservation of the natural teeth, if possible, by filling, cleansing, &c.;—

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We confidently assure our patients, that they shall receive at our hands, THE ADVANTAGES OF THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS in Mechanical and Surgical Dentistry, as we shall use all honorable means to avail ourselves of them.

Our friends will please bear us in remembrance.
july7

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SUNDAY SCHOOL GAZETTE.

A HUTCHINSON & CO., Worcester Mass. will publish on the 28th inst. the first number of the *Sunday School Gazette*, a Journal intended for the children of our Sunday Schools.

This Journal is undertaken under the direction of the Worcester County S. School Society. At its annual meeting, June 26, at Dr. Allen's church in Northborough, that Society voted to establish such a newspaper for children, and directed its Publishing Committee to begin its publication.

This Committee consists of Rev. W. Gilbert of Harvard; Rev. E. E. Hale and Albert Tolman Esq., of Worcester. The Committee and the publishers, hope to establish a child's paper which shall be attractive and profitable to the children, and an assistance in the efforts of parents and teachers. Their plans will be fully stated in the first number.

The annual volume will consist of twenty-five numbers. The subscription, when copies are sent in parcels to Sunday Schools, will be twenty-five cents a year.

Ministers, superintendents, teachers and others interested are invited to send for specimen numbers to A. HUTCHINSON & CO., Worcester, Mass.
July 21. 3t

THE MARRIAGE OFFERING ILLUSTRATED.

CROSBY & NICHOLS publish this day a new edition of Mr. Livermore's Marriage Offering, illustrated with a beautifully engraved title page, and also with an engraving representing the "Golden Wedding" in the "Neighbors," designed by Billings, and engraved on steel by Andrews.

The publishers have confidence in recommending this book as the most appropriate, as well as one of the most elegant books for a wedding gift that has been offered at any time. 111 Washington st. July 21.

THE CHEAP RELIGIOUS LIBRARY.

IN order to meet a demand which is said to exist among us for cheap editions of religious books, the subscribers propose publishing a series to be called *The Cheap Religious Library.* This Library will comprise volumes of Sermons, books Devotional, and Consolatory, volumes of Sacred Poetry, and Biography.

The limited sale of Unitarian publications being said by some to be solely owing to their high price, we intend to test the truth of this statement by selling the volumes of this Series at a rate so low as to form a new era in the publication of books of this class.

The first volume is now in course of preparation for the press. Each work will be neatly, strongly, and uniformly bound. CROSBY & NICHOLS.
July 28. 111 Washington st.

TO COUNTRY TRADERS.

10 bls *pure* powdered cream Tartar,	10 bales Liquorice Root,
20 " prime Castor Oil,	1,000 lbs plasters, various,
20 " Alcohol, 50 per cent,	500 doz Black Ink,
36 bales India Senna,	200 Eng. Iron Mortars,
6 bbls Alexa. do.	8 crates Gallipots, various,
10 " Flor. Sulphur,	2000 lbs Arrow Root,
6 " cases Cassia Buds,	50 boxes Castile Soap,
20 " Rhubarb Root,	50 kegs sup. carb. Soda,
10 bbls Ret'd Camphor,	100 lbs Eng. Iodine,
25 boxes Bay Waters,	50 lbs " Hyd potas.,
5 bales Sponges,	20

POETRY.

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun;
Give him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day: there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sun-rising; far day sullies flowers:
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn; each bush
And oak doth know I AM.—Canst thou not sing?
O leave thy cares and follies! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine:
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

Mornings are mysteries: the first, world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shrond in their births; the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styled their star; the stone and hidden food:
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay:
Despatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may:
Yet keep those cares without thee; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SUNKEN LAND AT STROUDWATER, ME.

Over forty acres of meadow land in Stroudwater village, some three miles from Portland, suddenly sunk down into the river a short time ago. The cause is wrapped in mystery.

The section that has caved away bordered partly on a small stream, which takes its rise in a swampy region, seven or eight miles above, called the Stroudwater river—an insignificant and sluggish water-course, till it gets to Stroudwater village, where it drops into an arm of Casco Bay, with power sufficient to carry a grist mill. Some persons have supposed that this stream had underminded the land, and hence the catastrophe—for catastrophe it must prove to the owners of the soil. *This* was the idea conveyed to most of our citizens who heard of the matter at first; and considering it not an uncommon circumstance, very few took enough interest in it to induce them to visit the spot.

But a more thorough survey of the locality has produced the conviction with many, that this cause is altogether inadequate to the effect produced, and that it was probably the result of a slight earthquake, or more explicitly, by pent up gases underneath striving for vent, or something of a similar character. Indeed many persons concur in stating that they felt a slight tremulousness of the earth at the time, (about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday,) and the writer of this sensibly felt a jarring in the building where he then was, five miles distant from the place.

A person who owns a portion of the land, has informed me that the phenomenon was preceded by several loud reports followed by heavy rumbling sounds, resembling thunder; this may have been but the noise produced by so large an extent of land moving at once—or it may have been the pent up groans of a subterranean agent. We will further add the fact that hardened *gouts* of clay, which have either been exposed to powerful heat, or which have undergone partial petrifaction, are scattered in many places over the disruptured region.

But be the agency of the devastation what it may, the scene presented is one of the most wild and most wonderful that it has ever been my fortune to behold, upheaved and displaced as the surface is in every form conceivable. In some places it looks as though a huge plough had ripped through the earth, turning out the tall forest trees, matted roots, rocks, earth and stumps, in long ragged lines, and laying furrows fifteen feet deep. In others, ponderous blocks of pure clay are thrown out, thousands of tons in weight, while at hand, perchance, a clump of trees lean upon each other, their "leafy honors" still luxuriant, although the roots shoot high in the air; or perhaps some mighty pine or oak lies prostrate, broken and partially buried. In other places it appears that there has been a whirling motion of the soil, and the trees and stumps have been twisted and broken over each other in a manner to defy all description. In one place several trees are standing in their original position, whose trunks are covered with clay to the height of ten feet, showing that the under strata of clay has risen and fallen that height. In another we noticed some large pines still standing erect, whose tops have been broken off as if by a sudden *jerk;* and many of the largest of the uptorn forest giants have been carried nearly a quarter of a mile from the positions where they grew.

In the more open portions, uprooted trees rocks, fence rails, clay and greensward are whirled together in utter confusion, and one could hardly conceive a more startling picture of chaos than the whole presents.

[From the Cincinnati Atlas of June 11.]

A HOAX—LETTER FROM HIRAM POWERS.

The following letter from our distinguished countryman was written to an old friend of his —by whom it has been handed us at our request —to free him from a not very pleasant imputation of having been hoaxed at one of his private exhibitions in early life. It will be read with interest, as giving an insight into one of the scenes in which he was an actor before he became known to fame; and before, perhaps, even he himself was aware of the possession of that genius which has since made him the pride of his countrymen, and the glory of the great art to which he is devoted. So far as the hoaxing was concerned, at the remainder of the exhibitions alluded to—we have ascertained from a gentleman who was present that Mr. Symmes was not the victim—as was lately acknowledged by J. Y. H., the author of the original story; but whoever he was—when such fingers as those of Powers were supposed to have had the modelling of the representation—we don't wonder at the critic's having found fault with the proportions of the living original. It was certainly no ground for impeaching his judgment and good taste. But to the letter:

FLORENCE, MARCH 27, 1849.

To Peyton S. Symmes, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR:—In a letter from Mr. Kellogg, I am requested to state the facts as to an alleged imposition upon you, by Mr. Henderson, the Actor. It has been said in some of our papers that you were of the number upon whom Mr. H. imposed himself as a *wax figure* in the Western Museum, some fifteen or twenty years ago—and my name has been given as authority for the truth of the story. It is natural that you should disrelish such an imputation; and as the story, so far as you are concerned in it, is untrue, it is but just that you should desire this refutation from me.

I remember to have said, whenever the story was told, that Mr. Henderson had *designs* upon several of our most respected citizens—yourself of the number; but these designs were never executed, excepting upon half a dozen or more persons residing in the immediate vicinity of the Museum. This was done in order to satisfy me that the thing was practicable; for Mr. Henderson hoped to prevail upon me to allow him the use of one of the large glass inclosures in the Museum, for his experiments upon a large scale. He succeeded perfectly in duping the half dozen individuals above alluded to, but I withheld my consent to any farther proceedings, and so the matter ended. I allowed him the use of a small room for performing the experiment—for I thought that he would fail, and that thus I should get rid of his request for the use of a case in the Museum, without having to deny him a favor.

When Henderson had prepared himself, one of his acquaintances was invited into the room to see an unfinished representation of "Henderson the Actor, in the character of Sir Francis Gripe." One evening, the figure was seen standing in a corner of the room, with the head leaning against an old coat, folded in such a manner as to afford a back-ground, and thus prevent unsteadiness, which might lead to detection. A white wig, made of horse hair, decorated the head. The face was daubed with ocher, vermillion and lamp-black; the features were much distorted—so much so that had my reputation as an artist depended upon their resemblance to the *original*, I might have feared for the result of the examination about to take place. The visitor, however, seemed disposed to flatter me, and grateful for the permission to see an unfinished work, assured me that I had been very successful in the likeness. He thought, indeed, that I had improved upon the original. I begged him to suggest any improvement that might occur to him. He replied: "Perhaps you might modify that peculiar cock of the eye a little; and, if I were you, I would give him a better leg, instead of those spindle-shanks of his." This last remark occasioned a decided change in the expression of the wax figure, for Henderson thought a good deal of his legs. This change, however, was not observed by the visitor, who still regarded the legs; but I had great difficulty in controlling my own countenance, so ludicrous was the scene. The *wax face* had now recovered its proper expression, when our visitor took up the lamp, and, against my dissuasive remarks that the effect was best at a distance—that the thing was not yet finished, and consequently would not bear close inspection—he walked directly up to the figure and stood within a foot of it, face to face. It was evident that no trick was even suspected, as he held the lamp now above, now to one side, then below, &c., &c., the better to examine the work. The actor's eyes had now been kept so long open *without winking*, that moisture was beginning to collect in the corners, observing which, our critic exclaimed, "Marvellous! Marvellous!! How in the world did you contrive to make these tears! Did you use gum Arabic or Copal varnish?" At this, the friend who stood at my side could refrain no longer, but laughed outright. I was obliged to laugh also, but the actor still maintained the ludicrous gravity of his countenance. The critic appeared confused for a moment, staring at us inquiringly; but he soon became aware that a trick had been played upon him, and, suddenly turning again upon the *wax figure*, he seized it by the nose, and the tweak he gave it would have proved fatal to the symmetry of a waxen proboscis. As it was, however, it did no damage to that organ, but it brought some additional moisture to Henderson's eyes, and an exclamation from his mouth of "———, don't! You forget that my nose is made of *wax*." Others were introduced after this to see the wax figure, but I shall not attempt to describe any more of these interviews.

You are at liberty to make use of the above statement in a private manner, or indeed publicly, should you deem it necessary to refute any statements of an opposite character.

With pleasant recollections of your kindness and civilities at Cincinnati, I beg you to believe me

Very sincerely yours,
HIRAM POWERS.

EXEMPLIFICATION OF INSTINCT.

The similarity between the simple instinctive actions of animals and their ordinary organic functions is so great as to lead us to suppose that both sets of operations are arranged upon similar plans, though these may not be identical, and that both are carried on without the forethought or the consciousness of the animal. Thus the young bee, on the day when it first leaves the cell, without teaching and without experience, begins to collect honey and form wax, and build up its hexagonal cell, according to the form which its progenitors have used from the earliest generations. Birds build nests of a certain structure after their kinds, and many species, at certain seasons, excited by some internal impulse, take their migratory flight to other countries.—The insect which never experienced a parent's care or a mother's example, labors assiduously and effectively for the future development and sustenance of an offspring which it, in its turn, is doomed never to behold. Others toil all summer, and lay up stores for winter, without ever having experienced the severity of such a season or being in any sensible way aware of its approach.

We know that such actions are the result of involuntary and unreflective impulses, because we often find them performed in vain. Sir Joseph Banks had a tame beaver which was allowed to range at liberty in a ditch about his grounds, and was at all seasons liberally supplied with food. One day, about the end of autumn, it was discovered in the ditch very busily engaged in attempting to construct a dam, after the manner of its companions in a state of nature. This was evidently the blind impulse of its instinctive feelings, for a moment's exercise of the lowest degree of reflection must have shown it that such labor, under the circumstances in which it was placed, was altogether superfluous. A common quail was kept in a cage, and became quite tamed and reconciled to its food. At the period of its natural migration it became exceedingly restless and sleepless; it beat its head against the cage in many vain efforts to escape, and on examination its skin was found several degrees above its usual temperature. A bee, which can fly homeward one or two miles in a straight line to its hive, with extreme accuracy, if it happens to enter an open window in a room, will exhaust all its efforts in attempting to get out at the opposite window which is closed down, but never pauses to think of retracing its flight a little way backward, so as to fly out at the opening at which it had entered.

We often observe a dog, when going to sleep on the floor, turn himself several times round before he lies down, and this is just one of the lingering instincts which he has retained; while in his wild state he is accustomed thus to prepare his bed amid the tall grass or rushes. An acute observer of animal habits has remarked that a jackdaw, which for want of its usual place of abode, had for its nest made choice of a rabbit hole, was often sorely perplexed in what way to get the long sticks, of which its nest was to be formed, drawn within the narrow entrance. Again and again did it attempt to pull in the piece of stick, while it held it by the middle in its bill, and it was only after a series of vain efforts that, by meare chance, it at last accomplished its object by happening to seize it near one end instead of the centre. In this case it appeared to the observer that the building instincts of this bird were complete and perfect within a certain range, but without the limits of this circle it had no deliberative foresight to guide its actions. [British Quarterly.

JOURNAL OF A RECENT VOYAGE TO INDIA.

We were much pleased with the drive to which Mr. —— treated us this evening. No one ventures to brave the intense heat and glare of the sun, until after five in the afternoon; and then, the smooth, broad roads are thronged with barouches, phaetons, and every imaginable description of fashionable vehicle, hastening with their sickly, pale-faced occupants, to the accustomed rendezvous on the beach. In this country, if a white person be seen walking, it is evidence that he is "poor indeed." The clerk who rejoices upon his thirty rupees per month, will practically exemplify how little "man wants here below," by restricting himself to an unvarying round of curry and rice, that he might be enabled to join a fellow clerk in supporting a wretched looking horse and buggy, in which they will drive from "office" at sunset, with as much apparent dignity as the head of their "department," who probably receives fifty times the amount of their united salaries. Some excuse for such a custom is undoubtedly to be found in the enervating influence of the climate; but we understand that the practice prevails to an absurd and altogether unnecessary extent. The following anecdote will serve to illustrate the horror with which walking is regarded in this stronghold of indolence. A lady was one day sitting alone, when her *Ayah* (lady's maid) informed her that "one Europe man" wanted to speak to her. Stepping into the hall, the lady found a decently attired European who solicited pecuniary assistance; to whom she replied, by desiring him to call again at an hour which she mentioned, when he would find her husband at home. "My house," rejoined this modest mendicant, "is two or three miles from this, and I cannot walk so far this hot weather; but if your husband will pay for my palanquin hire, I will call again!"

While on our excursion, we passed a great number of three-storied houses, each covering a large space of ground, and surrounded by a *compound* of lawn of considerable extent. The exterior of the houses is almost invariably white, the immense venetians of the numerous windows being painted green. Papering or painting the interior walls is unknown, as they have a far more elegant substitute in the famous polished *chunam*, a substance composed of lime and *jagree*, which is a coarse kind of sugar produced from the inspissated juice of the palmyra tree. The chunam is ground exceedingly fine, and when the plasterers have applied it to the walls, they rub it with their hands until they have produced a beautiful, smooth polish, which, in a well-lighted room, has all the brilliancy and effect of marble.

Several times we stopped to look at hedges formed of the hardy bamboo tree, with its branches drooping over like elegant plumes of feathers; groves of the luxuriant plantain tree with its gigantic, green, silken leaves; or the tall, slender cocoanut tree, straight as an arrow, bearing neither leaf nor fruit, save the rich crown of both, which adorns its lofty summit.

Returning homeward, we were startled at witnessing a *petite* scene which, accustomed as we had been to the virtuous indignation of the London Press upon the subject of American slavery, we were not prepared to expect. There are in this country no side-paths for pedestrians; they have therefore to walk on the road, and to keep out of the way of the numerous carriages as they best can. About 150 yards in front of us, an old native man was tottering along the road, carrying a large burthen of hay upon his head, when he was overtaken by two military officers who were driving a buggy. We were not sufficiently close to hear whether the officers gave notice to the old man before them; but, in any case, there was amply sufficient time and abundant room on the broad road, to alter their course; it could only have been, therefore, in the most wanton spirit of cruelty and oppression that they knocked him down by driving the shaft of the buggy against him; and—for humanity's sake I blush to say it—the *gentleman* who was driving, checked his speed a moment, while he *horsewhipped* the poor wretch whom he had so foully prostrated! Having performed this most creditable exploit, these worthies drove off, apparently in great glee; and long ere you read this, will doubtless have forgotten so trifling an affair. Oh, if the hierarchies of heaven *can* feel anguish—if they *can* drop the hot, scalding tear of poignant grief, it must be when they look down from their abodes of innocence and love, to behold the gross oppressions and cruel wrongs that man, vain, erring, mortal man, inflicts upon his fellow!

Of course this public outrage, committed, apparently, with perfect impunity, led us, on several occasions to express an astonishment in which no one appeared very greatly to participate. We learned, however, from several most creditable sources, that the law, in general, protects with perfect impartiality, the persons and property of the natives; and we do not for a moment, impugn the correctness of the information we received. From what we have heard and seen, we readily believe that the natives may have law and justice too, if they can pay for it; —yet in looking over the police reports of the leading newspapers at Madras, we saw numerous cases of freemen who had entered into menial services, receiving, by order of the magistrate, a dozen lashes for neglect of duty, absence without leave, and similar trivial offences. We read, too, of free born British subjects, (blacks of course,) being sentenced to a dozen lashes or so, for being intoxicated; or of their being condemned to labor on the public roads, in chains, for two or three months for thefts not amounting to the value of a dollar.

We met with some who endeavored to palliate the disgraceful practice of inflicting personal chastisement for petty offences, (more disgraceful to the oppressor than the victim) on the plea that the lower orders of natives were so base and degraded, that the lash and the chain were the only effectual means of coercion. As if those naked, scarified, mangled bodies were not each the temple and habitation of an immortal spirit! As if they were not destined to survive the wreck of worlds, and be familiar with those profoundly awful secrets which are here forbidden to the proudest intellect! I am weary of listening to such wretched apologies for oppression. Treat men as brutes and brutish they will become. It is a fact that will scarcely be credited, that, with the exception of the Ministers, Missionaries, and a few other philanthropists, it is the universally the practice at Madras, to make the *gorah wallahs* (housekeepers) *run* behind their master's carriage!

In a country whose climate so withers man's energies, that the veriest European pauper must have a native attendant, do these poor creatures, for a monthly pittance of three dollars, follow at their utmost speed, the costly conveyances of their humane and enlightened masters. To us strangers, it was painful to see elegantly attired ladies listlessly reclining in their sumptuous carriages, whilst two of God's rational creatures were laboriously toiling to maintain their place in the vain-glorious show. The big drops of perspiration profusely pouring down their swarthy cheeks, their travel-stained apparel, and their jaded appearance sufficiently indicating the arduous nature of the labor so unfeelingly and unnecessarily exacted from them. We thought it no wonder when we were informed that many of these men are victims to diseases in the chest and lungs. It was far more strange that refined and educated females could appear to be so unconscious of the painful efforts of their panting and wearied followers. Shame upon the Christian nation that can trampel upon a people they have subjugated by force and guile, while they are perpetually enlarging upon the delinqueances of their neighbors. Britain! we willingly acknowledge your many excellent qualities; but oh, remove the beam from your own vision, that you may more clearly see and more consistently condemn the guilt of those institutions which erst, you so peremptorily enforced upon an unwilling and sorrowing people. [N. E. Puritan.

FOSSIL FOOTPRINTS.

Dexter Marsh, a laboring mechanic of Greenfield many years ago discovered on the flagging stones with which he was laying a side-walk, what appeared to be the foot-prints of some strange bird. The geologiste pronounced them to be such, and to belong to a period before the creation of man. This discovery so excited the curiosity and scientific ardor of Mr. Marsh, that he has since made it his amusement to look for such impressions, and he has traversed the valley from the northern Massachusetts line to Wetherafield, Conn, sometimes spending weeks in quarrying rocks, with the sole view of discovering these ancient tracks. In the last number of Silliman's Journal of Science he gives a brief account of his labors and success, from which we may understand that the Connecticut valley, in bygone ages, was a favorite resort of birds that would have made no more of putting men in their crops, than turkies do of swallowing grasshoppers.

Mr. Marsh has in his possession more than eight hundred foot-prints of birds and quadrupeds, besides having furnished many specimens to others, in this and other countries. In some cases these specimens are so distinct, as not only to show the joints of the toes but the perfect impression of the skin. He has perfect tracks of quadrupeds so small that a half dime will cover the whole foot, and again others of birds where the foot measures half a yard from the toe to the heel, so that if the birds which made them were proportioned like those we now have, they must have stood twenty feet high!

He has sometimes followed the track of a bird thirty or forty feet in the rock, the track being at first faint, as if on hard soil; then more distinct, as if imprinted on the sand at the water's edge, and finally sinking into the mud and disappearing in the water. He has one slab four or five inches thick, on which the tracks appear as mere straight lines upon the surface; but on splitting it into five layers they grow more and more distinct, till the lower slab shows where the foot rested, just as if when the stone was in the state of mud, the bird trod down to the bottom of it, and on withdrawing the foot the mud closed up.

Among these tracks are many very unlike to those made by any known animals, but still so marked as to leave no doubt that animals made them. A sort of Kangaroo, for example, shows very small fore feet and very large hind ones. Of this the Journal of Science gives a striking cut.

POWER OF IMAGINATION. The Cincinnati Gazette has the following article, which finely illustrates the power of imagination, during the prevalence of epidemic diseases:—

"A few hours ago, a gentleman of our acquaintance, upon endeavoring to attire himself with a clean pair of white drilling unmentionables, discovered that he could not button them around his waist, and knowing full well that all his wearing apparel of that peculiar description were fully loose for him, he at once conceived the idea that his stomach had increased in dimensions, and imagining that to be one of the premonitory symptoms of cholera, at once retired to bed, rang the bell and ordered his coachman to go for his physician, who, upon arriving and feeling our friend's pulse, and making other peculiar examinations, &c., desired to be informed of the reason that led him to suppose he was laboring under an attack of the prevailing epidemic, to which he replied by mentioning the tightness of the aforesaid garment. At the worthy doctor's request, the pantaloons were brought forth, and to the great chagrin of our friend and the merriment of those present, it was discovered that the lacing behind had been drawn too tightly, which combined with the starch, had rendered them almost impossible to be buttoned, even upon a much more delicately formed person than our friend possesses."

OCCUPATION AND CHOLERA. Some curious and elaborate statistics, derived by the N. York Evening Post from the report of a French Commission in regard to the ravages of the Cholera in Paris, and 1832 and during the second visit of the disease to that city, are published in the Eastern papers. The military suffer more from the disease than the civil population, the deaths of the former being 28 in 1,000 persons, while those of the latter were in Paris but 21.

Vegetable dealers died at the rate of	81	per	1000
Day Laborers	"	"	80 "
Wine Merchants	"	"	76 "
Inn-keepers	"	"	68 "
Dress Makers	"	"	46 "
Fruit Sellers	"	"	45 "
Old Clothes Brokers	"	"	40 "
Washer Women	"	"	37 "
Shoemakers	"	"	32 "
Tailors	"	"	11 "
Booksellers	"	"	37 "
Rag Pickers	"	"	4 "
Street Sweepers	"	"	3 "
Male Nurses in Hospitals	"	"	3 "
Boatmen	"	"	2 "

SINGULAR PROPHECY. Lorenzo Dow, of eccentric memory, was in possession of a German work on the Prophecies, which he valued highly, and frequently made quotations from. Among other remarkable sayings of the author, were these:

"I would not be a king, in 1848."
"I would not be a grave digger, in 1849."
"I would not be a soldier, in 1850."
"I would be either, in 1851."

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